THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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WHAT REDMOND THINKS.

In a Speech Delivered in Dublin the Leader of the Parnellite Faction of the Irish Party Denounces the Federalistic Idea and Declares for an Irish Parliament Independent of the English Veto.

An Interesting Review of What the Former Irish Parliament Was and What the Next Legislative Body Ought to Be.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., speaking at a meeting of Independents in the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 20th ult., in discussing the history of the Irish parliament, said:

Now, it may truly be taken for granted—it is not disputed by anyone—that up to the time of the Union Ireland possessed a parliament of ancient origin and of admitted independence, or, as Mr. Gladstone himself has said, "The Irish Parliament was as independent in point of authority as any legislature over the wide world." Now, the Act of Union professed to destroy that independent parliament. The validity of that Act of Union has been always contested in Ireland. At that time it was opposed apart altogether from the means by which it was carried—it was protested by great lawyers like William Cunningham Plunkett and others that the Irish parliament had no power to vote away its own existence, and that the English parliament under the Union would have no moral or legal right to legislate for Ireland. Now that is the foundation of our claim for national self-government. Ireland denies the validity of the Act of Union; Ireland denies the competency of the English parliament to legislate for this country. She takes her stand upon the Declaration of Rights of 1782, and declares that no power on earth has a right to legislate for this country except the elected parliament of this country. Now, you see that therefore the demand for the repeal of the Act of Union means surrender by the English people of that supremacy which the English parliament claims to exercise by virtue of the Act of Union, and means the restoration to Ireland of an absolutely independent, separate and co-ordinate parliament.

Fellow-countrymen, the proposal to compromise which was made by Gladstone in 1886 and also in 1893, was based, not upon this idea of an independent Irish parliament, but upon the federal idea whereby the Irish parliament would be subject and subordinate to the parliament of Great Britain. Now, our attitude at that time was this: We were quite willing—rightly or wrongly—to make a compromise with England for the sake of getting an immediate settlement of this question, and also because we knew the Constitution of 1782, as it stood, was incomplete and unsatisfactory. Well, we have today to ask ourselves what has Ireland gained by her moderation? This compromise that we were willing to accept for the sake of an early settlement has been spurned by England. The other day you observed, no doubt, at the Norwich meeting that the programme of the Liberal party was put before the public, and in that programme there was no mention of home rule for Ireland, but, on the contrary, it is now suggested that the best settlement for Ireland would be a scheme of what they call home rule all round.

I remember very well when this scheme of home rule all round was first proposed in parliament. It was proposed a couple of years ago by an English Radical member, who made a very plausible speech, and said that he was in favor of home rule for Ireland, and also for England, for Scotland and for Wales, and, acting as the mouthpiece for the moment of the Independent party, I opposed that motion, and I said that while we had been willing to make a compromise of our full demand for the sake of getting an immediate settlement in Ireland, we are not in favor of making a compromise for the purpose of being included in a general system of federalism, which could not come into operation until the different portions of the United Kingdom—England, Scotland and Wales—were ready for its adoption, and I remember very well the feelings almost of despair in which I heard the leader of the majority of the Irish Nationalist members—Mr. John Dillon—rising in his place and supporting the motion which, to my mind, meant postponing the satisfaction of the Irish demand for this generation, and, perhaps, for the generation to follow. Our position was plain, and it is our position today. We were willing for the sake of an immediate settlement to take a compromise of what we believed to be our full rights, but in face of the circumstances of the moment today Ireland, in my opinion, would be foolish indeed if she were to surrender her full right, her full legal constitutional and historical right for the sake of a vague promise given by a disrupted and discredited English party; that forsooth at some time or other in the future Ireland will be allowed to share in a general system of Federalism, which certainly will not be accepted by England for the next half century, and probably will never be accepted by her at all. Now, I may be asked what exactly do I mean? Am I advocating a return to the old cry of simple repeal. Well, much indeed depends in a matter of this kind upon the phrase. No one, of course, pretends that the constitution of 1782 is applicable, as it stood then, to the circumstances of the present.

Grattan's parliament, as you know, was full of defects. It was a parliament simply of the ascendency. It was a parliament in which the executive was dependent for its existence, not upon the votes of the Irish parliament, but upon the votes of the English parliament. For example, let me take a most dramatic instance, when in Grattan's parliament the Union was first proposed by the ministers. The Union was defeated. Well, if the executive were dependent on the Irish parliament, that defeat should be at once followed either by a dissolution of parliament or resignation of the ministry; but no, the Irish executive was dependent upon the English parliament, and not the Irish. They remained in office, and finally, by the agencies I need not dwell upon now, they succeeded in carrying the Act of Union. Now, of course, no one but a madman would suggest that Ireland should go back at the end of the Nineteenth century to such an undemocrttic system of government as that of 1782—although, in justice to the Irish parliament, it ought to be admitted that if it had been allowed to live a very little time longer it would have reformed itself. The Irish Protestant parliament had already given the franchise to Isish Catholics and commenced the work of emancipation, which was not concluded by the English parliament for thirty years after. Therefore, when people talk of the repeal of the Union they don't mean—and I assert O'Connell never meant—simply a return to the constitution of 1782 as it existed. What I mean is this—that, as distinguished from a mere federal arrangement, such as we were willing to accept in '86 and in '93—as a compromise in order to speedily settle the matter, under which the Irish parliament would have been subordinate to the parliament of England, under which the validity of the Act of Union would be accepted—we ought today, as an answer to the non possumus of England on the national question, as an answer to the dishonest attitude of England on the financial question, revert once more to the old historical claim of Ireland, that we should deny the validity of the Act of Union, that we should dispute the competency of the English parliament to legislate for Ireland, and that we should demand for our country the full measure of our constitutional right—namely, the restoration of our ancient parliament.

In other words, that we should today formulate our claim to England in the memorable words used in January, '91, in the city of Waterford by Charles Stewart Parnell. It is well to recall these words lest, perhaps, critics should say tomorrow that we are going beyond what Parnell demanded on this occasion. Parnell used these memorable words: "The Liberal party and Gladstone know what Ireland wants. There can be no mistake about it. We want a parliament with full powers to manage Irish affairs without trenching on Imperial prerogatives, but a parliament we must have that will be supreme with regard to Irish questions. We will have no English veto. An English veto, whether on the appointment of your leader or on the laws that you shall make, would break down and destroy that parliament in two years. The Irish question is simple and plain: it is now known to all men. What we want is that when our parliament has been restored to us the elected representatives of the people shall have power to make laws for Ireland, and that there shall be no English veto upon those laws, except the constitutional veto of the crown, exercised by the crown as it is upon the Imperial parliament."

HYMENEAL.

POWERS-O'CONNELL.

A very happy nuptial event occurred at All Saints Catholic church Wednesday evening, April 28, when Mr. Richard C. Powers, of Ravenswood, and Miss Emeline O'Connell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Connell, No. 2553 Emerald avenue, were united in marriage by the Rev. Father J. A. McGavick. The pretty bride was attired in an elaborate gown of cream-colored silk, trimmed in chiffon and Duchesse lace. She wore diamonds and carried lilies. The bride was attended by Miss Sadie Quinn, who was gowned in white silk and wore pink roses. Mr. William Murphy acted as best man. The bridal party entered the church, which was filled with relatives and friends, to the strains of the wedding march. During the ceremony Mrs. Small sang DeKoven's "O, Promise Me." Following the nuptial ceremony, a reception to immediate friends and relatives was given at the home of the bride's parents. The presents were numerous, graceful and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Powers will be at home to their friends at No. 1196 Sheridan Road.

MURPHY-MULHALL.

The marriage of Miss Mary Mulhall, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mulhall, Ashland boulevard and Edgemont avenue, and Henry E. Murphy took place Wednesday morning, April 28, at 9 o'clock, at Holy Family church, the Rev. Father Conway of St. Mary's church, and the Rev. Father Lamb of Lyons, officiating. Miss Ella McAuliff, gowned in cream taffeta, embroidered in white, and carrying a bouquet of American roses, was maid of honor. The bride wore an imported gown of white satin, cut with high neck, long sleeves and half train, and carried a rosary. Clarence Emmet Cavanaugh, cousin of the bride, was best man. After the church ceremony a small reception for relatives and intimate friends was held at the family residence. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy left for an extended western trip. They will make their home in Chicago.

LUCAS-FOSTER.

Miss Ursula Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Foster, of No. 4414 Langley avenue, was married to Frank Percy Lucas, formerly of Chicago. Rev. J. A. Healy, of Holy Angels' church, performed the ceremony on Wednesday, April 28, at high noon. Miss Una Foster attended as maid of honor and W. W. Denslow acted as best man. After a wedding breakfast, served at the home of the bride's mother, the young folks left for a trip east, and will be at home to their friends in Columbus, O., after June 1.

Oldest Woman in Ireland.

The oldest woman in Ireland lives a short mile from Miltown-Malbay, county Clare, and her name is Mrs. Anne Armstrong, who has attained the remarkable age of 116 years. She is still in possession of all her faculties, enjoys good health, and moves freely about every day. The venerable lady lives in a neat and retired lodge midway between Miltown and Spanish Point. She was born at Florence Court, county Fermanagh. Her maiden name was Anne Bracken. She distinctly remembers the rebellion of 1798, and states she was then 17 years of age. In two years after she married Thomas Armstrong, a native of the same county, who came to Clare at the time of the rebellion as a peace officer, and afterwards entered the police force, served in West Clare until he had his service completed. Mrs. Armstrong has not visited her native place for a considerable number of years, and is rather doubtful whether any of her relations exist at all. The last of them whom she remembers is Mr. James Bracken, J.P., Black Lion, county Fermanagh, and it is now more than improbable that she will ever pay a visit to her native place owing to her old age, although she never experienced any sickness during her time, except that of her three children, all of whom preceded her. She relates a long story of the rebellion of '98, and other events down to the present day, and at the present time she enjoys the best of health, and is able to read the small print in her bible without spectacles. She converses freely with all the inhabitants around her, and is favored by all the tourists who visit Spanish Point during the summer season.

Saw the Eve of Waterloo.

"The County Kilkenny," says the Wexford People, "can well and reasonably lay claim to the possession of one of the best, noblest and most venerated ladies throughout the land. We need hardly say we refer to Lady Louisa Tighe, Woodstock, the charms of which, like the lady herself, are known to tourists the world over. In the current number of that remarkable product of modern journalism, Answers, and first in order of priority under the heading 'Living Rivals of the Queen,' reference containing the reminiscence of a famous incident is thus made to the lady who still adorns Woodstock: 'The lady who was present at the ball on the eve of Waterloo, and is still living, hale and hearty, at the truly noble age of 93, is Lady Louisa Tighe. She has a perfect memory, and remembers the incidents of the ball, the figure of Wellington, the bugle sound which called the men to arms. It was at her father's house, the Duke of Richmond's in Brussels, that the historic ball took place. In 1825 she was married to Col. William Tighe. He died in 1878, but the dear old lady, one of England's noblest links with the past, still lives on, and writes a most beautiful, delicate hand, as if she were still a girl of 19 instead of 90. That she may live to be 100, or even more, must be the wish of all readers of Answers.' We may remind Answers that Lady Tighe's sympathies are entirely Irish."—Kilkenny Journal.

We may also remind our Irish contemporaries that Lady Tighe is a near blood relative of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

LILY AND SHAMROCK.

Meeting in Paris, to Express Sympathy With the Cause of Irish Liberty, Addressed by Miss Maud Gonne, Who Exposes Some of the Iniquities of Victoria's "Record Reign."

Spirited Speech by Deputy Castelin, One of the French Republican Leaders, Who is Desirous of Seeing Ireland Free and Independent.

On Saturday, April 24, a meeting on the Irish question was organized by the Societe Republicaine des Confesences Populaiaes. It was announced that Miss Maud Gonne would speak on the "State of Ireland under Queen Victoria." The hall was crowded long before 8:30 p. m., the hour appointed for the meeting. Among those upon the platform were: M. Castelin, depute, M. Duboe, lieutenant de vaisseau, whose brochure, "La Point Faible d'Angleterre" created such a sensation in naval circles, and received so many hostile comments at the hands of the English press; M. le Comte de Cremont, secretaire de la Societe de la St. Patrice; Madame Leopold Lacour, Madame de Presac and Madame Bissieu, who are well known in the literary world of Paris; Madame Rowley, Mrs. Lynch, Miss Powell, Miss M. Barry Delany and other members of the Paris Young Ireland Society.

Miss Maud Gonne was introduced to the audience by the president, M. Auricoste, depute, and was received with great applause. The fair orator gave a brief but vivid sketch of the state of Ireland since the accession of Queen Victoria. She said that England, who boasted so loudly of her civilization and christianity would shock public opinion and disturb English hypocrisy, if she were to slaughter the Irish people wholesale as in the nineteenth century, as had been done under Elizabeth and Cromwell, even as the Armenians are being massacred by the Turks. But, in the reign of Queen Victoria the same results are being obtained as in that of Elizabeth, quietly, almost without violence, and, above all, without scandal. Famine, a more deadly weapon than the sword; English acts of parliament for the destruction of Irish commerce; taxes, cunningly organized, and agrarian laws are the weapons England uses today to exterminate or force into exile the Irish people. When Victoria ascended the throne, in 1837, Ireland had more than 8,500,000 inhabitants; today in the jubilee year of her majesty, there are only 4,500,000. In 1837 Ireland paid £8,250,000 yearly in taxes; today, though her population is reduced one-half, she pays more than £11,250,000. You see, therefore, that the Sultan has lessons to learn from the English government in the art of exterminating a people without scandalizing civilized Europe.

Miss Gonne went on to say that Mr. Redmond, the Parnellite leader, had said in a speech filled with his usual eloquence, that Mr. Gladstone was responsible for much of the financial injustice which had been done to Ireland in the present reign. Between the years of 1853 and 1860 he had increased the taxation of Ireland by £2,500,000. And this at a moment when Ireland was exhausted by famine. He added that if Ireland had had her autonomy she would not be obliged to pay half a million yearly to keep up her police, which is nearly half as large as the whole regular army of the United States; nor to pay a salary of £20,000 a year to the English viceroy: Just double what the President of the United States receives. (Great sensation.)

Miss Gonne then went on to show how formerly the produce of the rich soil of Ireland supported her people, but that the landlords of the present day found it more profitable to rear cattle. Human beings were driven out wherever the soil was good enough for pasturage. The appalling number of 3,668,000 persons have been evicted in the name of her most gracious majesty, Victoria, queen and empress by the grace of God.

These are some of the reasons, concluded Miss Gonne, why the Irish people refuse to join in the cry of "God Save the Queen." The applause that followed was deafening. Having thanked the French and the members of the French press in particular for the generous aid they had ever given to the Irish cause, Miss Gonne sat down.

A series of magic lantern views from photographs of Irish eviction scenes, taken on the spot, was then shown. The president then introduced Mr. Castelin, depute, who said:

You have heard Miss Gonne, and to her moving and eloquent address I can add but little. Montaigne said in his day that the dark shadow of England obscured Ireland completely, and the same may be said of our country. The Anglo-Saxon races were too different in sentiments, in traditions and in aspirations for it to be possible for them to be anything but antagonistic.

The speaker was preparing a work on Ireland, and in his recreation, for that purpose he had made a study of the methods by which the English domination in Ireland had been established and retained to the present hour, and that he could safely say, that in no other country had similar methods been employed, and that it was a disgrace to her history to have such records in its pages.

He passed in review the origin of the agrarian struggle from the earliest period down to the present day. He said that it was a system of wholesale spoliation of the weaker by the stronger. That the poet Spenser had said to Elizabeth that it was needless to waste the services and lives of good English soldiers in exterminating the mere Irish, that England, by simply tampering with the agricultural resources of Ireland, would reduce the Irish peasantry to such a state of famine as to oblige them to eat one another. And what Spenser had said to Elizabeth, the ministers of Victoria devoted all their zeal to carry out in our own time. During the short period of ten years, from 1841 to 1851, three millions of Irish firesides had been laid waste. In the terrible year of the famine, when all other countries were contributing to the aid of the unfortunate people of Ireland, the Sultan of Turkey not excepted, England was draining the country of its life blood; and it was a mark of the wonderful vitality of the Celtic race that it had survived all Anglo-Saxon efforts to destroy it. Reading of those horrors, people might think they sprang from the diseased imagination of some novelist; but knowing the truth of those sad records it was the duty of France to make them known. He called upon his compatriots present in the name of France, the ties of blood, of sentiment and of battles fought side by side with the people of Ireland to cry with him, "Vive L'Irlande." He added that the days of Ireland's glory would come at last; that he believed that England would receive her long merited chastisement at the hands of Irish exiles in America, whose duty, whose right and whose glory it would be to avenge England's long sin against Ireland.

In 1898 Ireland will celebrate the anniversary of the Irish revolution. France has been invited to assist at those patriotic demonstrations, and he replied in the name of France, that his countrymen would respond to that appeal in 1898 or before it if they were ordered (applause), and that a cordial and patriotic union of all the Celtic races races against the Anglo-Saxon must result in its abasement.

The eloquent depute's speech was enthusiastically applauded. Monsieur Jean Severs then recited a poem on Ireland of which he is the author, was dedicated to Miss Maud Gonne, and autographic copies were presented to those on the platform. The president then rose, and, in terminating the conference, drew the notice of the audience to the forthcoming Irish paper, Irlande Libre. When the applause which followed the announcement of the title had subsided, the president added that all who wished to aid the Irish cause and show their sympathy with it by becoming subscribers to the paper were requested to send their names to the Mairie; that he himself would set the example. The proceedings then terminated. Several names of subscribers to the paper were received.

OBITUARY.

MRS. WINIFRED M'HUGH.

Mrs. Winifred McHugh died on Thursday morning, April 26, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Timothy McHugh, 5659 Atlantic street, Englewood. Although considerably advanced in years she enjoyed excellent health until recently. The deceased was a kind, affable old lady and an interesting conversationalist. She appeared so robust but a short time ago that her friends thought she would live to round out the century mark. Notwithstanding the fact that she had all reasonable comforts at her command, she very often expressed her intention of returning to her native country. She was the widow of Michael McHugh, who died in this city a few years ago. They both came from Cloondargan, County Galway, Ireland, seventeen years ago to join their children who had settled in Chicago some years previous. The funeral services took place at St. Anne's church Wednesday morning, April 28, with a high mass of requiem, and was largely attended by her numerous friends and relatives who followed the remains to Calvary cemetery. Four of her daughters reside in Chicago—Miss Kate McHugh, Mrs. John Clark, Mrs. Patrick Owens and Mrs. Timothy McHugh, wife of the West Monroe street foundry owner.

MR. JOHN SHEEHAN.

Mr. John Sheehan, who was for many years, and up to the time of his death, the personal bailiff of Judge Thomas G. Windes, of the Circuit court, died at his residence, No. 518 Twenty-sixth street, on Monday, aged 48 years. He had been ill nine days, his malady being pneumonia. He leaves a widow and six children—all the latter of tender age—to mourn his untimely death. Mr. Sheehan was a native of Ireland, but came to America early in life and made his home in Chicago soon after his arrival in the United States. His wife, nee Miss Nellie Sheridan, was a daughter of the late Mark Sheridan who, for nearly a generation, was one of the most prominent social and political figures in Chicago. Mr. Sheehan always took a sincere and active interest in the Irish national cause, and he will be greatly missed from patriotic Irish circles. He was also a devoted American citizen, like all of his fellow-countrymen. The funeral occurred on Wednesday from the residence to All Saints' church, where high mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Father Gillan and assistant clergymen. There was a very large attendance of mourners, and the immense funeral cortege that escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, attested the high esteem in which Mr. Sheehan was held by his friends, neighbors and the people at large.

CAPT. MICHAEL J. GREALISH.

Capt. Michael J. Grealish, ordnance storekeeper at the Allegheny arsenal, Pa., died at 1:40 o'clock on the morning of April 30 of heart trouble. During the civil war, at the battle of Wilson's Creek, he was shot directly above the heart. The wound caused heart trouble, from which he suffered until his death. It was very seldom, however, that he was confined to his bed. The funeral took place, with military honors, Monday, May 3. The procession started from the arsenal at 8:30 a. m. and proceeded to St. Augustine's church, where requiem high mass was celebrated at 9 a. m. Non-commissioned officers from the arsenal corpsacted as pallbearers. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

The deceased is survived by a widow, Mrs. Maggie Naylor Grealish, and five children, the oldest of whom is 31 and the youngest 7 years old. Dickerson, the eldest, is a practicing physician in Chicago; Daniel P., an undertaker of Augusta, Ga.; Maggie is the wife of Gustave C. Moll of Highland avenue, Allegheny, Pa.; Terrence C. is a pupil at the Holy Ghost college, and will enter West Point in June, and Maud is the youngest child.

Capt. Grealish was born Feb. 2, 1834, in Galway, Ireland, and came to this country when a boy. He lived in Massachusetts some time, and later moved to Kansas. When the civil war broke out he helped to raise a company in that state, and went out as a lieutenant. He was soon promoted to a captaincy. At the close of the war he was made ordnance storekeeper at Washington. In the fall of 1865 he married the daughter of Dickerson Naylor, a merchant of that city. In 1866 he was appointed ordnance storekeeper at Hiltonhead, S. C., and after remaining there for eighteen months was transferred to Pikesville, Md. He remained there until 1876 and was then ordered to Augusta, Ga. In 1889 he took up his headquarters at Rock Island, Ill., and remained there until November, 1894, when he became ordnance storekeeper at the Allegheny arsenal. Had he lived until next February he would have been retired on half pay. According to the army regulations he would have left the service next November. Arrangements had been made for him to remain with his family, upon his retirement, to Rock Island, Ill., where he had many friends. When he learned that he must die, he expressed regret to his family that the end should come just as he was about to retire from the service and expected to enjoy to the full home life with his family. Capt. Grealish was one of the bravest of men—a true representative of the gallant race that gave Lord Clare's Brigade to France and Meagher's to America. He was intensely patriotic, both as an American and an Irishman, and his death will be sincerely lamented by all who had the honor and pleasure of his acquaintance. THE CITIZEN tenders to the bereaved family of Capt. Grealish its respectful sympathy.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities preeminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Is Consumption Contagious?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopœia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science towards conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will enclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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READY FOR BATTLE

GREEKS AT PHARASALOS WAITING ATTACK BY THE TURKS.

The Greeks Re-Invade Epirus--Grecian Officer Gives Up All Hope—Mediation by the Powers—Europe Opposes an Indemnity to the Sublime Porte.

Athens, May 3.—A dispatch from Lamia, dated Saturday, says: "Since yesterday the whole body of Greek troops near Pharsalos and Domokis has been drawn up in order of battle, but at this hour (noon) there has been no fighting. The inhabitants of Pharsalos have abandoned the town in fear of a Turkish attack and an exodus has begun from Domokis in the direction of Lamia, the refugees pitching their tents in the open country."

London, May 2.—A dispatch to the Times from Pharsalos says that 60,000 troops and sixty guns are concentrated there, but the Greeks are inactive and their position is weak.

London, May 2.—The correspondent of the Times at Volo says this morning: "Communication with Volo still remains uncut. Locomotives have pushed out a short distance toward Larissa and they report that the line is apparently little damaged. The authorities are distributing rifles and bayonets to civilians indiscriminately, thus increasing the panic."

Arta, May 3.—After remaining inactive for two days, the Greek troops on Friday re-invaded Epirus. The Sixth regiment advanced and occupied Philippiada for the third time without fighting. The Turks are still at Pentepigadia, and Imaret has been fortified, the military bridge over the river Arta (Aracht) having been destroyed. The streets of Arta present a strange scene, with the continuous exodus of citizens and the steady incoming of the peasantry, who camp out in the streets, around fires with thousands of sheep and cattle.

London, May 3.—Captain Rabbek, of King George's personal staff, wired here from Athens Saturday ..t the right wing of the Greek army had repulsed the Turks, but that the left wing had retreated behind the old frontier line to avoid being circumvented. Captain Rabbek adds: "The Greek army in Epirus, after defeat at Pentepegadia, has retired to Arta. All hope of continuing the war is now virtually abandoned. The fleet has returned to Volo for the protection of the inhabitants."

Athens, May 3.—Reports are current here that the powers are about to mediate between Greece and Turkey. The Italian and Austrian ministers have had a long interview with M. Ralli and M. Scoulodis.

London, May 3.—It is semi-officially stated that Lord Salisbury's proposal to the powers for a conference at Paris to discuss measures with a view of ending the war between Turkey and Greece has already been under consideration for several days at the various foreign offices and may now be considered definitely abandoned. The Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail learns that the powers will not consent to the levying of indemnity upon Greece, and that both Austria and Germany are trying to induce the porte to modify its demands.

TURKS ASK AN ARMISTICE.

But It Is to Bury the Dead—Status of the Greek Monarchy.

Athens, May 4.—It is said here on good authority that the powers have made overtures to Greece on the subject of peace, but that the government declines to invoke the mediation of Europe. The king has decided to remain here for the present. It appears that the Turks asked an armistice in order to bury their dead. The request was referred to the commander-in-chief, from whom no definite reply is forthcoming, but the armistice is tacitly observed. The Greeks speak with emotion of the enemy's gallantry.

Canea, Island of Crete, May 4.—There are renewed reports here that the Greek troops are about to be withdrawn from the island of Crete.

London, May 4.—The correspondent of The Daily Telegraph at Velestino, under date of Saturday, says: "In the battle here yesterday, which continued throughout the day, 12,000 Turks made repeated assaults on the Greek positions at the railway junction. They were finally driven from the field."

London, May 4.—The Athens correspondent of The Times says: The newspaper clamor against the three princes continues, but the majority of the educated and reflecting people regard the possibility of revolution with dismay and are prepared to support the dynasty should the danger become imminent. It must be understood that there are no socialists, anarchists or similar organizations in Greece. Therefore, even should royalty take its departure, there is no prospect or likelihood of any movement like the Paris commune.

The Athens correspondent of the Standard says that on Sunday a crowd summoned by the ringing of church bells proceeded to the residence of Crown Prince Constantin, in Achaia, seized the arms of the royal guard, smashed the furniture and burned all the papers they could lay their hands on. The village was greatly excited by the incident and there were further disturbances in the churches during the prayer for members of the royal family.

DEATH OF THE IOWA SPRINTER.

John C. Crum, Lightning Short Distance Runner, Beaten at Last.

Chicago, May 4.—John C. Crum, champion sprinter, died in a Des Moines, Ia., hospital. He had undergone an operation for appendicitis. The news of Crum's death caused much sorrow at the C. A. A., Evanston, at the University of Chicago, and in other places where the gentlemanly young athlete was well-known. Crum made a mark in sprinting, here in Chicago, June 15, 1895, that no other amateur has beaten. As the representative of the Iowa State college he ran 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds. This record is also shared by Bernard J. Wefers.

Engineer Scalded to Death.

Warrenton, O., April 30.—An engine and fourteen cars of a freight train on the Wheeling and Lake Erie railway went through a bridge near here yesterday and plunged into creek. Engineer James Garsletter was scalded to death. Fireman Edward Munn and Brakeman C. E. Keyser, both suffered broken legs and were otherwise injured severely.

CHICAGO BANKERS INDICTED.

Spalding Charged with Embezzlement as Well as Other Offenses.

Chicago, May 3.—The grand jury Saturday returned indictments against five men connected with the management of the defunct Globe Savings bank. The men indicted are Charles W. Spalding, president of the bank, and ex-treasurer of the State University of Illinois; A. D. Avrill, vice president of the bank; Charles E. Churchill, cashier; W. B. Ervin, assistant cashier, and Allison W. Harlan, one of the directors. There are twenty-nine indictments in all. Banker Spalding is included in all the indictments returned and in fourteen of them he is alone. Of the latter thirteen charge Spalding with embezzlement of bonds of the University of Illinois, and one accuses him of embezzling $131,000, funds of the university. His total bonds foot up $90,000. The other men are indicted on fifteen charges, all of them relating to the receiving of deposits.

Spalding is charged with embezzlement of state funds and with receiving deposits knowing the bank to be hopelessly insolvent. The other men are charged with the latter offense only. Spalding was on the stand Saturday and frankly admitted that he had hypothecated bonds belonging to the state university, and said that he had been advised to do so by John W. Lanehart, now deceased, but at that time law partner of ex-Governor Altgeld. The report of the jury in returning the indictments was very severe in its denunciation of the conduct of the bank officials, and said that the statute of limitations was all that prevented the indictment of a number of other men.

FATAL FIRE AT DETROIT.

Two Persons Burned to Death and Two Others Severely Scorched.

Detroit, May 3.—Two persons were burned to death and two others very seriously burned in a comparatively small conflagration Saturday evening. The burned structure was a two story frame building on Chene street, near Canfield avenue, occupied by E. H. Heidel's bakery. In the upper story lived the family of Nicholas Sinig, four members of which were quickly surrounded by the flames. Of these Lena Sinig, aged 17, and Nicholas, aged 9, were badly burned in getting downstairs and out of the building.

Mrs. Sinig escaped by a ladder without injury. Lizzie Sinig, aged 20, and her brother Anthony, aged 5, were caught in a back room, whence they could not reach any means of egress, and before help arrived they had been burned to death. One man living across the street heard the victims screaming, but before he could aid them the burning roof had fallen in upon them. From appearance of the bodies death was caused by suffocation before the flames had reached them.

GREAT FIRE AT PITTSBURG.

Flames Destroy Half a Dozen Big Buildings—Loss, $3,000,000.

Pittsburg, May 3.—The greatest fire visiting this city since the memorable one of 1845 started shortly after midnight in the large wholesale grocery establishment of Thomas C. Jenkins, on Penn avenue and Liberty streets, and at 3 a. m. today was still burning fiercely. Three large blocks, extending from Liberty to Penn avenue and from Fifth street to Sixth street, have been reduced to smouldering ruins. The loss will reach $3,000,000, and is well covered by insurance. Among the buildings destroyed are Jenkins' wholesale grocery establishment, Horne's six-story dry goods establishment, Horne's office building, the Duquesne theatre and the Methodist boock concern. The fire started in the cellar of the Jenkins building, in a pile of barrels filled with waste paper. The flames were discovered by Watchman Hunter while making his rounds on the third floor.

Editor Dunlop Has to Do Time.

Chicago, May 1.—Joseph R. Dunlop, proprietor of the Chicago Dispatch, was taken into custody late yesterday afternoon by United States Marshal Arnold. The prisoner asked for a few hours in which to arrange his affairs, and was given until this morning. He will be taken to the penitentiary at Joliet this morning at 11 o'clock, under a two years' sentence for using the mails for the circulatation of obscene matter.

Joseph R. Dunlop, editor of the Chicago Dispatch, did not go to Joliet Saturday. As an especial favor he was granted four days respite to arrange his business affairs.

Iowa Bars the Cigarette.

Des Moines, Ia., May 3.—The house rejected Hays' license proposition and adopted the Phelps anti-cigarette law absolutely prohibiting the sale, with the addition of a $300 mulct tax on retail dealers in cigarettes. The legislature has petitioned congress for a law placing cigarettes under police regulations, which would make the Phelps law operative. The appointment of the house members of a conference committee on the Temple amendment indicates that the old law will be retained and the Burlington Relief association remain undisturbed.

Rivers Receding at Keokuk.

Keokuk, Ia., April 30.—Both the Mississippi and Des Moines rivers are receding. The crevasse in the Hunt levee below here is not 200 yards wide, and the water in the bottoms is level with that outside. Many houses which were deserted in the rush for safe places have been swept away.

Bribery in Delaware. Next!

Dover, Del., April 30.—A decided sensation was created yesterday by the house of representatives in appointing a committee to investigate the charge recently made that certain members of the body had attempted to extort money from persons applying for legislation as the price of their favorable votes.

Danger Line Reached at Alton.

Alton, Ills., May 3.—The danger line in the Mississippi has been reached, with the gauge standing 24.25 feet above low water mark. The low lands east of here and across the river are submerged, and acres of crops ruined. The Bluff Line tracks are three inches under water above the city.

To Protect German Interests.

Berlin, May 4.—A dispatch from Rome says the Italian government has instructed the commander of an Italian warship at Patras, west coast of Greece, to protect German interests there.

CHICAGO STRIKERS.

SERIOUS TROUBLE BREAKS OUT IN THE PLUMBERS' UNION.

Men Repudiate Arbitration and Go Out to Enforce a Rule for Only One Helper to a Shop—Likely to Result in a Sympathetic Strike That Will Involve 20,000 Men of Various Trades.

Chicago, May 4.—Since Saturday there has been a complete "about face" in the strike situation. Yesterday there seemed to be, according to authorities in the various unions, an eminent possibility of a sympathetic strike. Saturday the question most at variance was the one which disturbed the junior steamfitters. The main issue yesterday switched around to the journeymen plumbers, who went out in defiance of their arbitration committee. The plumbers are at complete outs with the masters over the employment of helpers. The union insists but one helper be employed in each shop, whether small or large. The employers take the stand that to discharge or lock out the helpers would be to deprive of a means of livelihood a great number of young men who are learning the business and who are just as deserving of work as the journeymen plumbers.

Will Only Deal with Individuals.

All the headquarters of the union on Washington street there was bustle and confusion. Upstairs the members were holding a meeting behind closed doors, and in the office the business agent, James Kennedy, had numerous blanks spread over his desk, awaiting the coming of the individual contractors to sign the agreement. During the morning several master plumbers came in and signed, though at first with some hesitation over a point which was settled satisfactorily to both parties. The master plumbers who came in were willing to sign, providing the agreement would be declared void in case their association repudiated all negotiations and there came a general strike. Kennedy said he had great hopes of a settlement of the difficulties. The plan of the union at the present hour is to negotiate with the individual employers and to have no dealings with the association. Each master plumber who wishes to retain his men must go to the headquarters of the union and sign the agreement to employ but one helper in his shop.

Federation Pledges Its Support.

The action of the Chicago Federation of Labor in pledging its support to the striking hodcarriers has put a new backbone into that end of the strike. Beyond this strengthening influence the situation of the union is much the same as it was Saturday. The leaders are confident of securing the signatures of the contractors to their agreements and their agents are now at work toward that end. With the derrickmen and the bridge and structural ironworkers there is practically no change. The latter organization is leading the individual situation. The acquiescence of the Union and Elmira Bridge company has not been secured, but no representative of the concern is in the city. It is understood, however, the firm has no objection to the demanded increase.

Would Leave 200 Men Idle.

The master steamfitters deny the assertion of Business Agent Madden, of the junior steamfitters, that most of the contractors had signed the agreement to increase wages. One of the members of the former organization said at the meeting of the masters on Saturday the members pledged themselves to sign no agreement for the present. The juniors are using the methods of the hodcarriers and the plumbers are conferring with the individual contractors. As before stated, the main fight hinges on the journeymen plumbers. Their demand would leave about 300 helpers employed. There are 1,400 in the city. Many of them are unemployed.

Hope to Avert Big Trouble.

The Building Trades council has, as yet, taken no action in regard to the strike. It is almost inevitable, however, if the plumbers do not settle their differences shortly there will be a sympathetic strike declared. This would involve something like 20,000 men. William Sherman, secretary of the Building Trades council, is of the opinion matters will be amicable adjusted. On the other hand, Secretary Stivers, of the Chicago Federation of Labor, thinks there is great possibility of a general strike. It will probably be two or three days before anything definite will come out of the tangle.

Proceedings in Congress.

Washington, May 4.—The senate yesterday appropriated $50,000 for the postal congress. Chandler introduced a bill to issue $50,000 in certificates of indebtedness to meet the revenue deficit. Morgan tried to get a vote on his Cuban resolution, but was blocked by Hale. The free homestead bill was discussed, and an executive session was held.

In the house Simpson attacked Reed for not appointing the committees and Reed challenged him to bring the issue before the house. Simpson wouldn't and Lewis of Washington did, Dingley assisting in making the issue clear and conclusive, by requiring the speaker to immediately appoint the committees. The vote was yeas, 53; nays, 124—33 Democrats voting no. The senate appropriation of $50,000 for the postal congress was concurred in. Adjourned to Thursday.

Iowa Legislative Adjournment.

Des Moines, Ia., May 4.—At the session of the legislature yesterday a joint resolution was passed to the effect that when the legislature adjourn it be to meet again July 1, when the final adjournment will be taken. The constitution provides that extra session laws shall go into effect within ninety days, and this delayed adjournment is to give the annotators and publishers time to get out the new code.

Greeks Win a Great Battle.

Athens, May 1.—A telegram just received here says a great battle has been fought at Velestino between a Turkish force of 8,000 and General Smolenski's brigade. The dispatch states that the Turks were repulsed with enormous losses.

Mills on Double Time Now.

Youngstown, O., May 3.—The mills of Andrews Bros. & Co.—the entire plant—started today in operation on double time. This is the first time for over a year that these mills have been in full operation.

EXPOSITION IS OPEN.

Tennessee's Centennial Show at the State Capital Is On.

Nashville, Tenn., May 1.—In spite of constant rain for a week, delaying and retarding the work in every department, order was made to take the place of confusion and the Centennial city was practically complete, with exhibitions in every building, and ready to throw open its gates this morning. Visitors had been

MEMPHIS BUILDING, TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

coming all yesterday and last night trains from all directions brought in more. Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson and party, and Governor Lon V. Stevens and Mrs. Stevens (of Missouri), were here and participated in the simple opening ceremonies. Though some of the buildings, including the government building and some of the special state buildings, were not fully completed and will not be for some days, every building to contain exhibits was ready for occupation and contained exhibits.

Eleven large and commanding structures have been busy scenes night and day this week, while the exhibits were put in place and the finishing touches given. These are the Auditorium, Parthenon (which is the art gallery), Commerce, Women's, Agricultural, Machinery, Minerals and Forestry, Transportation, Children's, Historical, Government, Negro and Railway. The roads and walks, shrubbery and grass, are in excellent condition, but the inclement weather has prevented the removal of the flowers and plants from the greenhouses. The Cincinnati, Knoxville and other city buildings were ready and some of the state buildings, while others are just under way.

The starting of the machinery with the electric signal by President McKinley was accomplished at noon amid great cheering and playing of bands. The balance of the programme is: Formal reception of the Morietti fountain at the Woman's building, where Mrs. V. L. Kirkman, president of the woman's board, assisted by the four vice presidents of the woman's department—Mrs. Florence K. Drouillard, Mrs. C. N. Grosvenor, Mrs. K. W. Thomas and Miss Mary B. Temple; the secretary, Miss Ada Scott Rice, and the treasurer, Mrs. R. F. Weakley, was handed the key with which to turn on the water and start the fountain.

SOCIALISTIC ORGANIZED LABOR.

Colorado Workmen to Adopt That Sort of a Platform.

Victor, Colo., May 4.—A large number of the delegates to the state labor convention which was in session here last week, met yesterday to consider the advisability of independent political action by members of union labor organizations of the state. A permanent organization was formed with John C. Calderwood, who was president of the Miners' union during the great Cripple Creek strike three years ago, as president.

The plan of action as outlined in the discussion will include a socialistic platform, either independently or in connection with one of the old parties. One of the resolutions adopted by the labor convention favored occupancy and use as the only land title.

Civil Service Reform at Chicago.

Chicago, May 4.—Mayor Harrison has removed John M. Clark and Christopher Hotz, the Republican members of the civil service commission, on a charge of incompetency and neglect of duty. Adolph Kraus, Democrat, was appointed to succeed Clark, and ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, Republican, to succeed Hotz. Mayor Harrison endeavored to secure the resignations of the two comissioners, but they refused as a matter of principle, and the mayor then directed their removal.

Spalding Cannot Supply Bonds.

Chicago, May 4.—All the indicted officials of the defunct Globe Savings bank, with the exception of ex-President Spalding, gave bonds yesterday, and were released from custody. Spalding's bonds foot up nearly $320,000, and he cannot furnish that amount of surety.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, May 3.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 71c, closed 70⅝c; July, opened 70¼c, closed 70⅝c; September, opened 66⅝c, closed 66⅛c. Corn—May, opened and closed 23¾c; July, opened and closed 25c; September, opened and closed 26⅝c. Oats—May, opened and closed 16⅝c; July, opened 17⅛c, closed 17¼c; September, opened and closed 18¼c. Pork—May, opened $8.40, closed $8.42½; July, opened $8.50, closed $8.55. Lard—May, opened $4.05, closed nominal; July, opened $4.12½, closed $4.10.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 16c per lb; extra dairy, 14c; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 8¼c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb; chickens, 7c; ducks, 9@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 19@25c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, 60@75c per bbl. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.50@3.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 3.

Estimated receipts of cattle, 17,000; the best beef steers steady; plain stock a trifle easier. Receipts of hogs, 46,000; everything 10c lower; rough and common, $3.40@3.60; prime heavy packers and good mixed, $3.75@3.80; prime mediums and butcher weights, $3.85@3.90; a few $3.95; prime light, $3.90@3.95. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 21,000; all a good 10c lower.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, May 3.

Wheat—Weak; No. 2 spring, 72¼c; No. 1 northern, 77c; July, 70¼c. Corn—Firm; No. 3, 24@24½c. Oats—Easy; No. 2 white, 21½@22½. Barley—Dull and weak; No. 2, 33c; samples, 26@32c. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 36c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, May 3.

Wheat—Firm; No. 2 red cash elevator, 95c bid; track, 96@97½c; July, 76⅛@77c bid. Corn—Firm; No. 2 cash, 21@21½c; July, 23c bid. Oats—Firm; No. 2 cash, 19½c nominal; July, 18½c bid. Rye—Held at 34c.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, April 30.—The opponents of the Humphrey bills in the house held a meeting last night at which fifty-two members were present and thirty-six members vouched for when the roll was called as being unalterably opposed to the bills, making a total of 88 who will vote against them. In the senate the new libel bill was amended to repeal the law of 1895 and sent to third reading. A bill to exempt cashiers in the public service from civil service examination was sent to second reading.

In the house Kirby (Rep.), who had been awarded English's seat, was sworn in. The valued policy bill was advanced to third reading. Solomon Van Praag, of Chicago, was brought before the bar of the house and agreed to purge himself of contempt by testifying before the house committee. The board of pardons bill was recalled to second reading, the salaries reduced to $1,500 and the bill again advanced to third reading. A bill to permit women to act as notaries public failed to pass.

Springfield, May 1. — In the senate Lundin introduced a bill repealing the law giving cities the right to make contracts for five years for the disposition of garbage. An attempt to get a vote on a street railway franchise bill developed the lack of a quorum. Adjourned to Monday evening.

The house passed the bill providing that children may be retained in the Soldiers' Orphans' home until 18 years of age in cases of special disability. A bill was introduced to prevent such failures as that of the Chicago Globe bank. Bills were passed: The anti-cigarette bill; appropriations—$100,000 per annum for the southern Illinois penitentiary to keep convicts employed, and $48,100 for two years to the same institution for contingent expenses, improvements, repairs, etc.; $132,000 per annum for the ordinary expenses of the Soldiers' and Sailors' home at Quincy, and $39,500 for two years for improvements and repairs; $7,500 per annum to the Illinois Farmers' Institute and $50 per annum for each county farmers' institute. Adjourned till Monday afternoon.

Springfield, Ills., May 4.—The Torrens land title bill is now a law. Governor Tanner signed it at Chicago Saturday, and it is now on file in the secretary of state's office. The senate met yesterday without a quorum present, and adjourned. In the house a number of appropriation bills were advanced on the calendar. Nohe's anti-department store bill was brought up by its author, who moved to make it the special order on second reading Thursday. The motion prevailed. Cochran, from the committee on judiciary, reported a bill fixing the time for holding the circuit courts in the new judicial circuits; advanced to second reading.

ILLINOIS JUDICIAL CONVENTIONS.

Six of Them Held at Rockford—Names of Those Nominated.

Rockford, Ills., April 30.—Six judicial conventions were held here yesterday, nominations for the old circuits wiped out by the new apportionment act being a mere matter of form, but done under state committee instructions. The Republicans nominated John D. Crabtree, of Lee; James Shaw, of Carroll; J. S. Baume, of Jo Daviess, for new Fifteenth circuit. The Democrats nominated Judge R. N. Botsford, of Kane, for the Sixth district; W. L. Pierce, of Boone; J. K. Orvis, of Lake, and John B. Lyon, of McHenry, for circuit judges of the new Seventeenth; M. H. Cleary, of Jo Daviess; Charles F. Preston, of Lee, and M. Marvin, of Stephenson, in the new Fifteenth, and indorsed Henry B. Willis, of Kane; George W. Brown, of Du Page; Charles A. Bishop, of DeKalb—Republican nominees in the new Sixteenth.

Fight Over the Supreme Court.

Mount Vernon, Ill., May 1.—Supreme Court Clerk J. O. Chance is preparing for a hard contest over the supreme court consolidation at Springfield. Chance believes the law providing for removal is unconstitutional, and on that ground will refuse to remove his office. His asumptions are based upon provisions of the constitution relating to his office, which say that the clerk shall reside in the division for which he may be elected. Prominent lawyers, he avers, support his contention.

Ask for Arbitration.

Springfield, Ills., May 4.—The employes of the Gartside coal mine at Murphysboro have filed with the state board of arbitration a petition asking for an arbitration of existing difficulties at that mine, alleging that the owners of the mine have made a general reduction of 10 per cent. on wages for mining coal, which is far less than they can work at and make a living.

Gold Democrats Nominated.

Jacksonville, Ills. May 3.—In this judicial district Judge L. Lacy, of Havana, and Judge O. P. Bonney, of Quincy, gold Democrats, and A. G. Crawford, of Pittsfield, Republican, were nominated for circuit judges on an independent ticket.

State Notes.

Lillian Kersten, of Chicago, 14 years old, shot herself. Her condition is not serious. Whether the shooting was accidental or by design is not known.

The Democratic convention, Third Illinois supreme court judicial district, has nominated William E. Nelson, of Macon county, to oppose Judge Wilkins.

May Day strikes at Chicago involved probably less than 2,000 men. The employers conceded the demands.

Frost occurred Friday night at Waukegan, Fairbury and Hillsboro, Ills., Belle Plaine, Ia., and other western and northwestern points, damaging the early gardens. Snow fell in some places.

Judge F. W. Bockwater has refused a a new trial for James Connelly of Paris, Ills., and affirmed his sentence of fourteen years in prison for child murder. Connelly will appeal to the supreme court.

Earthquake in Virginia.

Richmond, Va., May 4.—The town of Pulaski was severely shaken by an earthquake soon after noon Monday. No damage resulted, but the people were terribly frightened.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 28.

In the hearing of the Chicago lake front "scrip" case Land Commissioner Herrman allowed ten days for the filing of supplementary briefs and will render a decision soon after these are filed.

Washington Gibbons, 79 years old, who was for many years a prominent Buffalo lawyer and politician, died suddenly at New York.

Trinity Protestant Episcopal church at New York will celebrate 200 years of existence with elaborate ceremonines, which will begin on Sunday, May 2, and continue every day for one week.

W. H. Darnell, a 15-year-old boy residing at Hardin, Marshall county, Ky., proudly writes to a newspaper: "I am 15 years of age, and weighs 180 pounds, and am 6 feet 6 inches high with my shoes off."

The Turkish authorities have condemned to death the murderers of the agent who was distributing the British and American relief funds at Diarbekir, Asiatic Turkey.

Thursday, April 29.

Colonel Jesse Peyton died at Haddonsfield, N. J., yesterday. Colonel Peyton was popularly known as the "Father of Centennials."

During a fire at New York Mrs. Barrett threw her two children into the street and they were both killed. The mother was suffocated, as was Mrs. John Newell.

The governors of the New York stock exchange have expelled Charles Neukirch, member of the exchange, on charges of fraud.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Mission society of the Presbyterian church is in session at Altoona, Pa.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has swung his newly-sharpened ax and severed every department head in the city hall, with one exception.

Friday, April 30.

Another quick piece of railroad engineering has been done in England, an old bridge at Loughborough being removed, a new steel bridge of eight arches put in its place, and traffic resumed within thirteen hours.

Berlin had thirty-one strikes last year, only eight of which were successful for the strikers, of whom 124,616 were involved.

A Yorkshire farmer named Gibson has just died at the age of 101 years. He shaved himself, drank his glass of beer and his nightcap of whisky, and smoked his pipe till a few days before his death.

The jury at Kansas City in the case of John F. Kennedy, tried as the leader of the Chicago and Alton robbery at Glendale, has failed to agree after being out twenty-four hours, and has been discharged.

State Bank Examiner Breidenthal took charge of the bank of Hutchinson, Kan., a private concern.

Saturday, May 1.

John G. Graf, one of the widest known men in the tobacco trade, is seriously ill at the Sherman House, Chicago, with pneumonia. He resides at Flushing, L. I.

William T. Powers, colored, condemned to die on the gallows May 28, was baptised and received into the Baptist church in a bath tub in the Chicago jail.

Peter Erickson and Frank Mee, two Finlanders, were killed in the Hurt mine of the Lake Superior consolidated group at Hibbing, Minn., by being buried in a cave-in.

Queen Victoria reached Portsmouth yesterday from Cherbourg on her return from the south of France.

A 5 per cent. advance in the price of window glass, including all sections of the country, has been made and has gone into effect.

Lavigne won his fight with Connelly at New York last night in the eleventh round.

Monday, May 3.

Jennie Frierson, Fannie Johnson and Walter Johnson, negroes, were drowned in the overflowed country near Coahoma, Miss.

A. D. Hubbard, Kansas state president of the A. P. A., is under arrest here, charged with the embezzlement of $10,000 while acting as receiver in the Snow-Hamilton printing litigation.

Near Bleas Point, Ark., Alvin Byley quarreled with his mother about the punishment of an adopted child, struck her in the face with his fist and then over the heart with a plank and killed her. He then escaped.

People who come to the United States from Canada for the purpose of obtaining divorces must remain unmarried if they go back to Canada, says the Dominion supreme court.

The French language is now forbidden to be used in Alsace-Lorraine in public speeches, and several meetings have been dissolved upon that account.

Tuesday, May 4.

Ambassador Hay has lunched with the queen and may now be considered completely settled in his position.

The town of Pulaski, Va., was severely shaken by an earthquake soon after noon yesterday. No damage resulted.

Colorado college has just received an anonymous gift of $10,000 to apply in the erection of a building for young women.

The summer house of H. J. Linseman at Rocky Point, Pewaukee lake, was broken into and robbed of a quantity of silverware and several cases of imported wine.

It has been discovered in Louisiana that kingfishers are a menace to the levee system as they bore holes six feet deep in the embankments in which to build their nets.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

A BIDDING RIVALRY.

AN INCIDENT OF AN AUCTION OF OLD CHINA AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

What Happened When Two Women Each Determined to Have a $5 Cup and Saucer—Hard to Tell Which Felt Worse When It Was All Over.

It was the third day of an auction sale of the china, bric-a-brac and furniture of the last representative of an old New York family, and the auction room was crowded to the doors with dealers in antiques, connoisseurs, speculators and people who had just dropped in to fish up a bargain in glass or china if an opportunity offered. There were a large number of women present, and they were principally bargain seekers.

The auctioneer seemed used to such crowds and continued to call out the bids monotonously despite the amusing situation that arose every time he reached an article which one of the women had marked to buy for herself. Things had been quiet for a time when the auctioneer reached No. 706 on the catalogue, which was a cup and saucer of Sevres china. It was a very pretty bit of Sevres, cleverly decorated and frail enough to suit the most artistic fancy. It was such a piece as might be purchased at any fine china or glass store for $5, and it certainly would not have been reasonable to expect more than $4 for it at auction sale. The auctioneer didn't expect more, and under ordinary circumstances he wouldn't have got so much, but these were not ordinary circumstances. It happened that two bargain seeking women had marked that cup and saucer for themselves. They were only separated by a dozen seats and an aisle through the maze of camp stools, and, of course, neither had any notion that she would have very much competition for such a trifle. They were well dressed women, and one was quite young. They sat in their seats without a word, while a cloisonne jardiniere worth $100 was knocked down to a dealer for $20, and they never ventured a bid on bits of Worcester, Dresden, Coalport and other kinds of china, which were sold for ridiculously low prices. But when the auctioneer wearily remarked in his professional tone: "What 'm I offered for this cup and saucer? Guarantee goes with every piece. Gimme a bid, please," he was amazed at two shrill voices which called out simultaneously:

"One dollar."

The two women peered across at one another.

Then the younger said in emphatic tone:

"A dollar and a half."

The auctioneer took in the situation. What more could an auctioneer want? Two women pitted against each other. Sleepy a moment before, he was all life now.

"A half more!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Really this is ridiculous. I cannot take less than dollar bids."

"Two dollars," said the older woman.

"Three," said the other woman.

The women sized each other up again while the auctioneer exhorted.

"I'll fix her now," said the older woman to a friend. "Five dollars."

"Six," said the younger one.

"Why, the spiteful thing! I don't believe she wants that cup at all. Well, she just sha'n't have it. Seven dollars."

This time the younger woman hesitated. Every eye was on her, for the whole crowd was interested. She pressed her lips together, and, assuming an indifferent expression, made the bid $8, while the auctioneer nearly fell off his chair. Every head in the room turned with the bid to the older woman.

"Don't you bid another cent," said her friend.

"I'll just make this one bid. She doesn't want that cup. It's just spite, but I'll do her up now. Ten dollars," she exclaimed, and with a triumphant smile she glanced across the room.

That smile was too much for the other woman. It made her more determined.

"Oh, she needn't think I'm afraid of a couple of dollars," she remarked in a husky whisper to the pale faced man who had come with her to the auction and had been trying to get low enough in his seat to be out of sight of the eyes focused on his companion at every other bid.

"Let her have it," said the man. "It isn't worth the money."

"Let her have it? Well, I guess not. Do you think I'll let her beat me like that? Eleven dollars," in a shaky voice, but with a sweet smile.

"Fine piece. Very fine Sevres. Worth big money," chanted the auctioneer.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the older woman. "Of all the impudence I ever heard of! Oh, I'll fix her now!"

"Let her have it," urged her friend.

"Cora Stone, do you mean to tell me you mean that? Would you have me give in to that doll faced child? I'll show you how I'll give up to her. Fifteen dollars."

This was a staggerer. The young woman looked troubled. She raised the bid a half, and the auctioneer took it, because he saw the end was near. A point had been reached when bids were cheered, and the side remarks caused roars of laughter. The price reached $17, and the bid was the older woman's. The pale man urged his companion not to bid, but those cheers rang in her ears, and every eye was upon her.

"And a half," she said.

"Then take it, you spiteful thing," suddenly yelled the older woman, right at her competitor. Then she rose to her feet. "Come, Cora! I shan't stay in such a place another moment." And she flounced out, followed by Cora.

The younger woman looked badly rattled. She handed out $17.50 to the clerk and took the cup and saucer. Then she went out, looking very much embarrassed over the affair and wondering, probably, what had ever made her pay such a price for such a thing.—New York Sun.

A SEA ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Extraordinary Superstition Once Prevalent In England.

The curious superstition that there is an ocean above the clouds is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: "One Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out of church on a thick, cloudy day, when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the tombstones—the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one labored to pull up the anchor. The anchor, however, still held fast by the stone, and a great noise was heard in the air, like the shouting of sailors. Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfixing the anchor. When he had just loosened it, the villagers seized hold of him, and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned.

"About an hour after the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event the people of the village made the hinges of the church doors out of the iron of the anchor." It is further stated that these hinges "are still to be seen there," a bit of evidence much like Munchausen's rope wherewith he once climbed to the moon. If you doubted the story, you were confronted with the rope.

There is another queer tale about this aerial ocean. "A merchant of Bristol," it is said, "set sail with his cargo for Ireland. Some time after, while his family were at supper, a knife suddenly fell in through a window on the table. When the merchant returned and saw the knife, he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sailing in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the time when it fell through the window." All of which was once implicitly believed by many and regarded as incontrovertible proof of the existence of a sea above the sky. One is at a loss to conjecture how that "unknown part of the sea" connected with the rest of it. A physical geography showing this would be no small curiosity.—Boston Post.

SILKWORMS OF LEBANON.

How They Are Cultivated In the Mountains of Tripoli.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written a paper, entitled "Silk and Cedars," for St. Nicholas, describing his visit to the famous mountains of Lebanon. Concerning the silk industry, which plays such an important part in the lives of the natives, Mr. Fenn says: As the time approaches for the silkworm to hatch out the egg the family move out of the house and camp under the trees, giving up the entire establishment to the worms, after having placed the eggs on shelves made of a reedlike bamboo. At first the young worms are fed on finely chopped leaves, but as they grow larger the leaves need only be broken in two. The people have to feed and watch the worms night and day, or they wander in search of food and get lost, and in the silence of the night the sound of the worms feeding is like a gently falling rain.

The worms fast three or four times during this period, and about 24 hours is the length of each fast. A curious feature about their fast is their posture. They assume the attitude of a cobra snake about to strike and remain rigidly fixed in that position for the entire period. When they are ready to spin, small branches are placed on the shelves, and as the cocoons are formed upon them the dead twigs seem to bear golden fruit. When the worms get through that part of the business, the neighbors are called in—something as to an old fashioned New England apple paring bee. They call it "qtaf" in Arabic—that is "picking," and soon you see piles of pale green, pure white and golden yellow cocoons heaped upon the floor. Later they may be spun into hanks, but usually the cocoons are sent down the mountains to Tripoli or Damascus, and after their 30 or 40 days of toil they, too, often have to sell the produce for next to nothing, as the Chinese are always ready to undersell them.

Another curious use Mr. Silkworm is put to is to soak him in vinegar for some hours, after which he is drawn out into so called "catgut" to make snells or leaders for fishhooks.

Serving Carrots.

A way of serving carrots is the following, evolved by a cook desirous, as all cooks should be, of "something new." The vegetable is scraped, diced and boiled till tender. Meanwhile a slice of onion is browned in a tablespoonful of butter. With this one tablespoonful of flour is rubbed smooth and stirred until the flour is cooked. Then one cup of tomato juice, not heated, is added to the mixture with a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. The whole is stewed together three or four minutes before being strained over the carrots, which have been drained. This dish is much more palatable than the creamed carrots because it adds a needed flavor and is none the harder to prepare than the better known preparation.—New York Post.

What Is Really Needed.

"Somebody has invented another talking machine."

"That's a stupid thing to do. Won't these scientists ever learn that what the world needs is listening machines?"—Chicago Record.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine.—Emerson.

The man who has not passionate local attachments can never become patriotic in any broad or generous sense.—American Friend.

LANGUAGE OF CRIME.

THE ARGOT OF PARIS AND THE "PATTER" OF LONDON.

Thieves Have Special Words to Express Stealing of Every Kind — Material Changes Take Place Every Two or Three Years.

The language of criminals—the argot of Paris, the "patter" of London—has been carefully investigated by numerous writers, with very variant results.

Its origin is difficult to explain. Criminals, say many authors, have found it necessary to adopt a technical language for their own protection, that they may be able to converse in public without being understood. "They have been forced to do this and have made a language as sinister and as vile as themselves." This theory cannot be admitted. Certainly the argot is sinister and vile and thoroughly representative of the class that uses it, but further than this we cannot go.

The theory that the use of this dialect is of any assistance to the criminal is inadmissible. Most policemen and all prison officers know this slang, sometimes better than the thieves. To speak it in the hearing of a detective is to invite arrest; to speak it in the presence of the general public would arouse suspicion and attract attention—two things which are especially to be avoided. Why, then, does it exist? Dr. Laurent of the Sante prison in Paris has given an explanation which has at least nothing to contradict it: The persons engaged in every trade form a species of dialect or technical phraseology which is spoken and understood only by themselves. Criminals, who practice a trade as old as any, have gradually acquired a language more adapted to their wants, more in keeping with their ideas and thoughts. Miserable, heartless, engaged in a perpetual struggle against morality, law and decency, they have acquired a language of debased words and cynical metaphors, a language of abbreviated expressions and obscene synonyms.

This dialect has mutilated the mother tongue. It has also borrowed liberally from other languages, but without method or etymology. Criminals are not grammarians. Neither are they linguists, and at first sight it would seem strange that they should import words from other countries. We will find, however, that in any prison the percentage of inmates of foreign birth will be large. In America it is about 15 per cent. A foreign expression which seems apt or an improvement on the one in present use is rapidly diffused through the prison. In cases where it is especially descriptive it may become permanent, but its life is usually short. The argot of the crime class changes materially every two or three years. It is ephemeral, as shifting as its users. Victor Hugo exaggerates only slightly when he says, "The argot changes more in ten years than the language does in ten centuries." Thus in the last three years there have been three different terms for watch—"super," "thimble" and "yellow and white"—each of which was in its turn the only one used.

Every writer on the subject has noticed that the argot is rich in expressions to denote certain common actions. This is a peculiarity shared by all primitive languages, the only difference being in the selection of the common acts. Thus in Sanskrit there are nearly 100 roots which express the idea of killing or wounding, without counting secondary derivations. Some of these roots are embodied in our language today. In the dialect of the thieves there are nearly 100 expressions to signify theft. It was necessary for the pickpocket to describe the various pockets in a man's clothing and in a woman's dress. The average man does not often need to specify a particular pocket. When he does, he lays his hand on it to assist the poverty of his language. The thief has a separate name for each separate pocket.

But in spite of this richness in synonyms, which is in itself a marked sign of degeneracy, for the tendency of a language is to eliminate its synonyms, giving to each a different shade of meaning, the argot is a poor language. It has not a single expression for abstract emotion. To attempt to render a philosophic thought, a moral emotion, a synthetic or æsthetic idea into the dialect of the thief would be like attempting to translate "electricity" or "steam engine" into Latin. It is impossible because the words do not exist. They are not needed. The criminal has no more conception of abstract emotion than a blind man has of color.

A fact which does not seem to ally the argot to a primitive language is its ability to form additional words from its own resources, a power of self development which we find in the old Anglo-Saxon, and especially in the German of today. This trait is the more striking as it seems in direct contradiction to the impotence of the English langnage in this respect. The English has little formative power. It relies on the Greek and Latin languages for the extension of its vocabulary.—A. T. B. Crofton in Popular Science Monthly.

Rivals For Fame.

"I'm going to introduce a bill," declared the first legislator, "prohibiting any and all persons from going up in a balloon."

"There's where you show your lack of statesmanship," sneered the second legislator. "My bill will make it an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to fall out of a balloon."—Detroit Free Press.

A famous Scotch dean used to tell a ghost story, the clew to which is in the question. "Weel, maister ghaist, is this a general rising or are ye just taking a daunder frae yer grave by yerself?"—Argonaut.

Nature is an arrant democrat and bestows her gifts impartially.—Mrs. C. G. Gore.

HE FORESAW THE FUTURE.

James G. Blaine's Prophetic Words About His Political Career.

I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Blaine during the congress session of 1865-6. He was then beginning his second term in the house. At that time I owned and edited a country newspaper in General Garfield's district. One day in the fall of 1865 Garfield wrote me to come up to his hilltop home in the little college town of Hiram. He told me that he thought it would be a good thing for a young newspaper man to study national politics in Washington and get acquainted with national men, and that he would undertake to get me a clerkship in the house of representatives. In due time he spoke to his old friend, General Robert C. Schenck, who was chairman of the committee on military affairs, and the result was I was given the clerkship of that committee.

Colfax was speaker of the house, and for some reason or other he seemed to have little liking for the ambitious young member from the Augusta district of Maine, for he appointed Blaine to a position near the foot of that committee. Now, Blaine had not served in the army and had no knowledge of military legislation and no taste for that kind of work. He used to be a country editor himself, and he appeared to take a fancy to the young clerk from Ohio. He would often drop into the committee room, and, standing before the wood fire, would talk freely to me about his newspaper and political career and his plans and hopes for the future.

I remember that he said one day: "I do not like this military committee business and ought not to be here. Next congress I am going to be on the committee on appropriations or ways and means. Financial questions will soon be the dominant ones in congress. Two years later I expect to be chairman of my committee. Then I think I shall be speaker of the house and after awhile I hope to go to the senate."

Everything came about exactly as he planned. He had wonderful prescience concerning his own future, as well as in relation to political events. When he was a candidte for the presidential nomination in 1880, he said to me: "My career has thus far closely paralleled that of Henry Clay. He was speaker of the house and then senator. His party refused to nominate him as long as it had any chance of electing a president. When it had no longer any chance, it gave him the nomination he had so long sought. I believe that is going to be my fate."—Chicago Times-Herald.

ANCIENT CORPORATIONS.

Trade Monopolies That Were Almost Savage In Their Operation.

Apprentices became no better than serfs and slaves. They were not merely pitilessly fined and brutally punished, they were often left in ignorance of the craft that they had purchased the right to learn. In that frightful social and moral revulsion following the long and devastating wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the corporations became more determined than ever to maintain their industrial aristocracy and monopoly. They refused to admit any trade less ancient and honorable than their own to the rights and privileges of the law; they soiled themselves by contact with no person of illegitimate birth; and in their savage and relentless pursuit of persons engaged in unauthorized traffic they invaded the homes of contraband workmen, confiscating both their tools and the hidden products of their toil, leaving them and their families destitute and starving.

To such absurd lengths was the creation of corporations carried for the production of new taxes and new places for court favorites that occupations like the teaching of dancing, the selling of flowers and the catching of birds were organized, and homogeneous occupations like the hatmakers' and carpenters' were divided and subdivided beyond the comprehension of the modern mind. But despite the ingenuity of lawyers and the vigilance of armies of inspectors the lines of demarcation could not be drawn so sharply as to avoid conflicts of interests. The makers of felt hats quarreled with the makers of cotton hats. The spinners who had purchased the right to use hemp quarreled with those that had purchased the right to use flax. The shoemakers fought with the cobblers that reproduced more than two-thirds of an old shoe. The cutlers that made the handles of knives fought with those that made the blades. The relations of the makers of wooden porringers and the makers of wooden spoons were equally belligerent.—Franklin Smith in Popular Science Monthly.

The Struggling Young Author.

"I have always read, and always with interest," said the struggling young author, "what literary men had to say concerning their habits of work. In many cases productiveness appears to depend upon mood—sometimes a man can write and sometimes he can't. A man feeling in condition can do any sort of work, no doubt, better than when he is out of condition, but a man may be mistaken in himself. I find that it is a good thing to make a beginning.

"Often the mere effort of making a beginning is enough to dispel clouds that had seemed to be heavy, but which are shown to be mere films, and one touch of concentration is enough to bring back fancies that you had thought were wandering far from home, but were really loafing about right near, waiting only to be called."—New York Sun.

A Coincidence.

"The man who brought this in," remarked the editor's assistant as he unrolled half a yard of manuscript, "told me confidentially that he needed the money for it."

"Yes," was the melancholy answer, "it's a strange fact that the longest poems seem almost invariably to be written by the shortest poets."—Washington Star.

BURNS AND HIS MARY.

He sang of friendship and duty
And manhood all creeds above,
Of the dear, green earth in her beauty
And the dewy glory of love.
But the sweetest, tenderest chord he gave
Was the requiem poured o'er his lost love's grave.

Then life was but futile longing
And earth but a beauteous tomb,
But songs through the silence were thronging,
And glory dwelt in the gloom.
And sorrow, the harper skilled and strong,
From the breaking heart drew its sweetest song.

When thy grief had heavenward striven
In melody trembling to prayer,
Did thy Mary remember in heaven
Her love by the braes of Ayr?
We know not, but earth that heard thee sing
Must cherish thy song to her latest spring.

Deep heart, so lavish in loving!
Oh, wayward and broken heart!
As safe from our shallow reproving
As deaf to our praise thou art.
Yet thy song shall thrill us while love shall last
And thy sorrow move us till death be past.
—Maggie Clare in New York Sun.

HER REFORMED DIET.

Mrs. Newlight Makes a Series of Astounding Discoveries.

"It's just awful how criminally ignorant I've been regarding our food," said Mrs. Newlight to her husband the other day. "I can never be thankful enough that I joined Professor Scarem's class in domestic science. My! It's a wonder we're not all dead, ignorant as I've been. There's one thing sure, George Newlight—there'll be no more tomatoes on my table."

"Why?"

"Because Professor Scarem explained to us today how tomatoes cause a marked arrest of vital activity in those who eat them, and he proved that the acid of tomatoes acts almost like a poison on the membrane of the stomach. Then I'm done with any berries that have seeds in on my table."

"I'd like to know why?"

"You wouldn't ask if you'd heard the professor's talk on appendicitis and its cause. A single dish of raspberries or strawberries may bring on that awful trouble. It's fearful to think of the risks people will run just to gratify the palate. And here we've always allowed our children to have sugar and cream on their oatmeal!"

"What of it?"

"Well, you'd say 'What of it?' if you could hear the professor explain how the combination of oatmeal and cream and sugar causes dreadful gases to arise in the stomach and utterly retards digestion. I've not the slightest doubt that the awful spasm our little Mamie had last year was due entirely to this cause. Then there's bananas. Why, George Newlight, they're simply rank poison! And you'll get no more white bread at my table."

"Why not?"

"Because there's no more nutrition in it than there would be in bread made out of pure starch. Every bit of the nutritive element has been refined out of it. It makes those who eat it thin blooded."

"Do I look thin blooded or as if I lacked nutrition?" asked Newlight, who weighs 199.

"That doesn't signify. You don't know what day you'll begin to break down under such bread. We'll have nothing but graham or whole wheat flour hereafter. And I've done with coffee too. If you could see and hear Professor Scarem demonstrate just how poisonous it is to the whole human system you'd shun it as you shun opium. He says that cocoa shells is the only real safe warm drink."

"I'd as soon drink dishwater," said Newlight.

"You'd better drink dishwater than your poisonous coffee. If you'd only take a little time to study domestic science and look into this food business a little, it would be a good thing for your health and the health of your family. There's a lot more things we've been jeopardizing our lives by eating in our criminal ignorance, and I'm going to cut all of them off our list."

And she did, which is the reason that Newlight is taking most of his meals down town at present.—Detroit Free Press.

Washington Puzzles Him.

"I have found my way across pathless prairies where I had never been before, and even through the tangled mazes of a chaparral thicket, without getting lost, but I never come to a strange city without getting absolutely bewildered," said Mr. H. M. Barker of New Mexico.

"I have been to Washington at least a dozen times in the past three years, and yet it is just as strange to me now, after a sojourn of two weeks, as it was the first time I ever set foot in the district. If I get one block away from my hotel I lose my reckoning, and I find myself wondering continually whether I am going toward the capitol or in the direction of the treasury. I get sore with myself for being so slow to find my bearings, but I hear other men owning up to the same difficulty. It certainly is queer that there should be such a difference between people, for I know plenty of men that can go anywhere they choose in a city a few hours after landing in it, but take them out into the country, and they would get lost like the babes in the woods."—Washington Post.

A Remarkable Portrait.

The pope has received, through the Countess Maria Festetics, maid of honor to the empress of Austria, a somewhat remarkable portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is wrought in silk and cotton, and its production involved an enormous amount of labor and expense, the effect of light and shade being produced by only two colors. The factory from which it comes is the famous one of Wernstadt, in Bohemia. The portrait, which Leo XIII is having placed in his library, received a gold medal at the Chicago World's fair.

It has been discovered that to bury a man up to his neck in wet sand is a practically certain cure for apparent death from an electric shock.

PARLIAMENT AND THE TURF.

A Case In Which a Government Was Almost Overthrown by Ascot.

Five or six years ago an astute Radical, Mr. Samuel Storey, with characteristic wariness, very nearly caught the government of the day tripping. He had been "left speaking" on a Tuesday night in June and announced his intention to continue his remarks on a rather exhaustive scale upon the following Thursday, when the debate was to be resumed. This was just what a number of Unionist gentlemen wanted, for it happened that a little "event" known as the Gold Cup was to be decided that afternoon at Ascot, and, much as it grieved them to miss the eloquence of Mr. Storey, they were bound to choose between the two attractions. So—possibly with grieved hearts, and also possibly not—they hied them to the royal heath in comfort and contentment.

On returning they "looked in" to the house of commons to see everything was all right and found that everything had been all wrong. For the sagacious Sunderland Radical, having glanced around him and beheld the poverty of the land, thought that his own words might be silvern, but a division would be golden. Accordingly he stated his intention not to indulge in further criticism, and before the few Unionists could recover from their amazement or put up a man to talk against time until the Ascot visitors returned a division was called.

A few of the "early birds," having missed the last race in order to reach Westminster as speedily as possible, drove into Palace yard as the leathes lunged policemen were shouting "'Vision!" The dread word, borne on the summer breeze, told its own tale. Into the lobby they rushed like madmen, just in time to save the government from an awkward defeat. Mr. Storey, though not a sporting man, smiled sweetly. He had been done by "only a short head." And he would have actually won if a dozen horse racing lovers of his own side of politics had not also abjured Westminster for the pleasant plain of Berkshire. Thus was Mr. Storey prevented from bringing off a glorious triumph.

The moral of the tale is the fallibility of human nature—even Radical human nature. "The Cup" begat Mr. Storey's fearful hope of "a coup," and he very nearly succeeded in bringing it off. Since that time the party "whips" have marked the Ascot Thursday with a black mark and taken heed unto their forces.

By way of revenge it was the Ascot Friday — which nobody troubled to think about—that ruined the Rosebery government in 1895. Men went away to see the racing, and on returning to town found, when dining at the club, that an ardent band of astute diplomatists had skillfully toppled over Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the war minister, on the comparatively insignificant question of cordite. It is a hard thing, after a "black" week in backing horses, for a poor legislator to find himself face to face with the terrors of a general election.—London Telegraph.

PAPER MONEY.

The Kinds of Currency That Are Used by Foreign Countries.

The Bank of England note is 5 inches by 8 in dimensions and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water lined paper, plain white, with ragged edges. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denomination from the 25 franc note to the 1,000 franc. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors and that Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing languages engraved on the face.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from 5 to 1,000 marks. These latter bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom. Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills, 5 and 10 lire notes, are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The 100 ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center, in bold relief, stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Australian bill is printed on light colored thick paper which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting.—Golden Days.

Rubinstein's Disillusions.

The posthumous "Souvenirs" of Rubinstein in the Vom Fels zum Meer contain some of the disillusions of a great musician. Rubinstein alludes to a concert organized by Pasdeloup, which he conducted in Paris, the programme consisting mainly of his own compositions. It was held at the Cirque, and some 4,000 people were present. Throughout Rubinstein was possessed with the conviction that the attention of the entire world was directed exclusively upon him. On reaching his hotel Rubinstein was met by an old friend, who expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him. "What!" exclaimed the friend, "you in Paris! When did you arrive? One never hears a word about you nowadays. Are you thinking of giving any concerts in Paris?" Rubinstein was so much taken aback that he was speechless.

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CHICAGO, MAY 8, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—James A. Herne in "Shore Acres."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Margaret Mather.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Digby Bell in "The Hoosier Doctor."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Vaudeville.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLAND KNOCKED OUT.

Let all true American citizens give ardent thanks to the God of Liberty! The Traitors' Treaty—negotiated by ex-Secretary of State Olney and Pauncefoot, the British minister—has been finally killed in the United States Senate! Not since the battle of New Orleans has America won such a victory over the English enemy. We return grateful acknowledgments to Senators Morgan, Mills, Carter, Quay, Mason, Jones, of Nevada; Jones, of Arkansas; Hansbrough, Baker, Penrose, Pettigrew, Shoup, Bate, Cockrell, Daniel, Harris, of Tennessee; Harris, of Kansas; Martin, Pettus, Rawlins, Roach, White, Butler, Hatfield, Kyle and Stewart for their manly votes in the negative on the adoption of the Traitors' Treaty.

The Senators who voted to make the United States a British dependency were the following: Allison, Burrows, Cullom, Davis, Deboe, Fairbanks, Foraker, Frye, Gallinger, Gear, Hale, Hawley, Hanna, Hoar, Lodge, McBride, McMillan, Morrill, Nelson, Perkins, Pritchard, Platt (Conn.), Platt (New York), Proctor, Spooner, Thurston, Warren, Wellington, Wetmore, Wilson, Bacon, Caffery, Clay, Faulkner, Gray, Lindsay, McEnery, Mitchell, Pasco, Smith, Turpie, Vest, Walthall. The total vote was 43 to 26, with nineteen absent, so that the defunct Thing lacked three votes of confirmation! No doubt most of those absent were hostile to the infamous measure.

THE CITIZEN desires particularly to congratulate Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the gallant leader of the brave minority, on his victory over the arch-hypocrite of the nations, the consistent enemy of the rights of mankind, and the malignant violator of solemn treaties and international law. The junior Senator from Illinois, the Hon. William E. Mason, who went to Washington determined to vote for the treaty, and who changed his opinion when he heard the arguments for and against it, deserves all honor from his constituents and the people at large. He had the courage of his convictions and voted accordingly. Senator Thos. H. Carter, of Montana, did a great deal to defeat the measure on its final consideration by a brilliant, logical and patriotic speech. Senator Mills, too, distinguished himself in the opposition, from the first, as did also Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania. In fact, America may well say to the faithful twenty-six, "Well done, good and faithful servants!"

We may remark, by way of no harm, that our friend, Michael Davitt, was in the Senate lobby when the result was announced, and the correspondents say that he expressed his satisfaction at the outcome. In this satisfaction several millions of his kith and kin in this country, and throughout the globe, exultantly share—yet quite as much because of their loyalty to America as their hatred of England and distrust of her tortuous diplomacy. Four months ago, we were "the only discordant note" against the treaty in this city, according to the Times-Herald. To-day, we shake hands with ourselves and sing—

Then prosper we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave
"O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!"

THE PARIS DISASTER.

The awful disaster at the Charity Bazaar in Paris on Tuesday has deeply stirred the American heart, as every misfortune that has befallen France, our ancient and gallant ally, has ever done. Nearly 200 human beings, mostly ladies of historic families, engaged in the noble work of mercy, met with a sudden and horrible doom in the flames of a veritable fiery furnace. No words can express our sympathy with those who lost their loved ones in that terrible visitation. High and humble, rich and poor—all alike have the sympathy of a world shocked by their misfortune. The calamity should be a warning to people in every country who get up charity bazaars and the like in flimsy structures, and amid inflammable material, to use the greatest amount of care, and have exits so arranged that, should fire occur, there may be a chance for escape. When we contemplate the carelessness manifested on many public occasions, we do not wonder that horrible accidents sometimes follow. The greatest wonder is that they have not occurred oftener. Paris, the gay and the beautiful, is, today, a city of profoundest mourning. Her bright garlands of the May time are changed to funeral wreaths, and her songs of joy to the wails of hopeless bereavement. In her sad affliction, she does not sorrow alone. America, Ireland—humanity at large mourns with her for the children she has lost.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY FACTIONS.

It seems to THE CITIZEN that there must be a vast deal of political selfishness distributed pretty evenly among the leaders of the warring sections of the so-called Irish parliamentary party. These men are all agreed on one principle, namely that it is absolutely necessary, if the Irish people are to be saved from practical extinction, to get rid of the dominion of the British parliament in Irish affairs. Most people would think that such a bond of sentiment would naturally compel a policy of unity. Yet it does not. The men hardly differ even on a question of policy. Neither one of the factions contemplates a resort to other than "peaceful, legal and constitutional" methods for the attainment of its purpose. It is true that one particular faction seems to lean more toward a quasi-alliance with the British Whigs than the others, but there difference ends. In the English house of commons all of the sections vote for Irish measures, and against oppressive English enactments, with edifying unanimity. But Mr. Dillon detests Mr. Healy; Mr. Healy returns Mr. Dillon's dislike with compound interest; Mr. Redmond does not seem to relish either of the factious leaders mentioned, and Mr. Harrington seems to be "ferninst" the field. Now, this is not honest. All the gentlemen named are persons of more than ordinary ability—all have made a study of Irish history, which ought to have taught them to despise petty personal ambition and to despise factiousness. Yet all act as if they never had read their country's history, and as if ignorant that her feuds and factions were England's most efficient weapons in achieving her conquest.

The proper thing for them to do would be to come together and say one to the other, "Well, we cannot agree even to disagree. We are making an exhibition of ourselves and a victim of our country to the great edification of our British enemies. We must, therefore, tolerate one another or else tolerate, as we are doing, the common enemy. Let us, then, quit our several leaderships and agree upon some man outside our feuds under whose sway we can all unite and work for the common good!" We had hopes that when Mr. Redmond returned to Ireland from this country he, at least, would pursue such a policy, but, on the contrary, he seems to have made the breach between himself and the others concerned still wider. He is an able man—one of the best and clearest of existing Irish speakers—but we greatly fear he is as much of a politician as a patriot. Otherwise he would have done all that lies in his power to put an end to the existing disgraceful state of affairs in Ireland. THE CITIZEN is not at all desirous of giving offense to Mr. Redmond, whose great talent it fully appreciates; but plain speaking seems to be necessary just now, and, in the light of recent events in Dublin, justice compels THE CITIZEN to hold Mr. Redmond responsible for most, if not all, of the factious feeling still prevailing in Ireland.

We do not believe that, even if united, the Irish parliamentary party could obtain what it demands from England—a mere pittance of self government for Ireland. England will never grant that, or any other form of Irish autonomy, until she is compelled to fight for the maintenance of her empire in India, in Egypt or in Central Africa. But the spectacle of an united Irish party would be reassuring—would go to show, at least, that Irishmen could agree among themselves for the honor of their native country.

Mr. John H. Parnell, M. P., brother of the late Irish leader, has been frequently hinted at as the man under whom the Irish parliamentarians could unite. He is an honest-hearted gentleman, but is neither an organizer, a speaker or a writer of much force. He had recently an opportunity to curb the unfortunate ambition of Mr. Redmond and restore some kind of cohesion, but, instead, he hovered between two ideas. He could not make up his mind to break with "the Boy of Wexford," and yet every fibre of his nature seemed to thrill for the cause of Union. In his letter addressed to the Independent Nationalists of Ireland last month, Mr. Parnell said in part:

"While our party has the sympathy of all classes and societies, we only have the sympathy of one in twenty to continue divided, while for unity and an undivided Independent party under Mr. Redmond we would have the sympathy of twenty to one. This is the general opinion of the world. The other party would only have the sympathy of certain classes, and therefore would never be as strong as ours.

"I need not say I am confident Home Rule would be further assured under my brother's own party than any other. His policy is mine. I believe now either in fight or uniting of all parties, but the success at the outcome must be assured. Ireland will never have again that enthusiastic sympathy she once had with a united party, unless she becomes once more united. If she becomes once more united it would give new life to the cause. In my opinion it must be fight now by the Independent party, backed up to the teeth by her people, or to unite with all.

"The final struggle must come soon, and it is the duty of all Parnellites to say fight or peace. For myself I am for fight if we get an army of Parnellites to back us up. If not my idea would be for immediate unity under Mr. John Redmond. For the general welfare of Ireland, and for a new outburst of public sympathy I would say unity of all parties under my brother's original independent policy.

"I honestly think if my brother were here tomorrow he would say the same, and he would even force it and throw aside all injuries inflicted on himself and Ireland for the good of Ireland. Why cannot we do what he would do? It is my opinion if our party did turn out every member of the other we would only conquer in name, not in reality. It would not bring unity; the same bad feelings would remain. Why not uproot those bad feelings by conditional unity? My brother's name would be best vindicated by that unity."

Mr. Parnell, surely, ought to know that proposing Mr. Redmond as a chief to the Dillonites, the Healyites and Harringtonites is only to add fuel to the fires of discord. What the Irish factions should do is to recall Mr. Sexton from his retirement and place him, by a unanimous vote, at the head of their reunited party. He is the man most fitted to handle it with effect against the malignant English tacticians in the house of commons. Thomas Sexton may have his faults and shortcomings, but friends and foes alike acknowledge that he is an orator, a financier and a statesmen of the first order. Even he, with a united party at his back, can obtain but little worth the having from England; but, if Ireland will insist on frittering away time in the British parliament, let her, at least, choose a leader who can do it with some appearance of force and dignity.

MUSICAL COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

During the past thirty years the Chicago Musical College, of which Dr. F. Ziegfeld is President, has assisted hundreds of talented and deserving students who have had no means to procure a musical education, or who were unable to pay the regular tuition of the college. As has been the rule for so many years, this institution will again issue a number of free and partial scholarships. For the season of 1897-1898, one hundred and twenty-five scholarships will be awarded: twenty-five free, entitling the holders to free instruction for one school year, and one hundred partial scholarships, being a liberal reduction from the regular college rates. These scholarships are issued only in the piano, violin, vocal and dramatic departments. All scholarships are awarded by examination, strictly upon merit, applicants being required to appear at the college. Application must be accompanied by a letter of recommendation from the pastor of a church, principal of a school, or other reliable person, certifying that the applicant's circumstances will not permit of payment for instruction. Candidates must possess unusual talent and be in every way deserving of the benefits conferred by the college. Applications must be made before Aug. 9, 1897.

THE GREEKS AND THE FENIANS.

As the news from Greece grows more and more discouraging to the American friends of the devoted but unfortunate Hellenes, we cannot help recalling the enthusiasm that attended the first Fenian raid into Canada, in 1866, and the terrible reaction that followed its enforced collapse. The great Civil War between North and South had been over just a year, and there were in the United States, counting both Unionists and Confederates, fully 300,000 veterans of Irish birth or immediate parentage. Of these probably 30,000 men were enrolled in the military organization of the Fenian Brotherhood during the twelve months succeeding the final burying of the hatchet at Appomattox. Col. Wm. R. Roberts, of New York, was the civil head of the Brotherhood, and Gen. Thomas W. Sweeney, of Washington, its military chief. These gentlemen had convinced themselves that they could get no considerable body of troops across the ocean to fight England in Ireland, while the former remained at peace with the great powers, including America. Canada was, then, much more closely bound to Great Britain than she is at present, and was chiefly garrisoned by regular British troops. The Fenians had no quarrel with the Canadian people, but they dearly longed to get at the red coats across the border and give them a Fontenoy, or Oulart Hill, whaling. It seemed, also, as if the time were propitious. Andrew Johnson was President; was supposed to be friendly to the Irish cause, and the Alabama claims of America against England had not been settled. With a singular frankness, all the circumstances considered, the Fenian leaders had publicly declared that Canada would be used "as a base of operations against England" and that the Fenian, or Irish Republican, government, when established in Canada, "would issue letters of marque to sweep the British commerce from the seas." Companies, battalions and regiments were publicly enlisted, equipped and armed for these avowed purposes, and still the American government looked calmly and smilingly on. No wonder, then, the Fenian leaders felt convinced that no obstacle would be placed in their way when they finally gave the word to their army to throw itself across the northern frontier. But many there were who doubted and shook their heads and sneered at "Irish effervescence." The Canadians, themselves, through their press, very generally ridiculed the idea of a Fenian invasion of their province.

On the 1st day of June, 1866, there appeared in the daily press of the United States and Canada, a despatch from Buffalo, N. Y., to this effect: "Eight hundred Fenians under Col. John O'Neill, of Tennessee, crossed the Niagara river at midnight and occupied Fort Erie!" Not even the news of the firing on Fort Sumter had created such a commotion on the North American continent. The excitement was intensified when, in the afternoon of June 2, the newspaper bulletin boards in all the American cities, bore the following announcement: "Col. John O'Neill's Fenian troops encountered today an overwhelming Canadian force at Ridgeway, Canada, and routed it, capturing battle flags, 800 overcoats and several hundred stands of arms. The Canadian force, composed of the Queen's Own regiment, Toronto, the Thirteenth battalion, of Hamilton, and some regulars, fought with spirit, but the Fenian counter charge broke their centre and they tumbled in confusion from the field, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded. Later—The Fenian troops, returning from Ridgeway to their base of supplies, found the village of Fort Erie, in their rear, occupied by the Welland Canal battery, under Capt. King. They stormed the houses, captured most of the soldiers and wounded and made prisoner Capt. King. The United States government has ordered its gunboats to patrol the Niagara river and prevent further reinforcements from reaching Col. O'Neill."

The despatches quoted conveyed truthful information, and the effect they produced was simply indescribable. O'Neill's troops consisted mainly of Irish Republican soldiers from Nashville and Memphis, Tenn.; Louisville and Lexington, Ky.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind., and Buffalo, N. Y. The second, instead of the first, line of invasion had, for the most part, received the order to take the initiative. This was not a wise movement, as subsequent events fully demonstrated. If the first line had made the first attack, Toronto and Montreal would have been captured beyond a doubt. When it did move, finally, about June 4, the American government had already shown its hand against the invaders.

But the masses of the Irish people did not know this. They enlisted by whole brigades, and, from New Orleans to St. Paul, and Calais, Me., to San Francisco, they began to move on Canada. Half the troops that won at Ridgeway wore the Confederate Gray, and one of their bravest and ablest leaders, Capt. John A. Gary, of Lexington, Ky., had fought under Stonewall Jackson. In fact the Blue and the Gray fought shoulder to shoulder against the Canadians during that brief but exciting campaign. Gen. Meade, who took command of the United States troops, acting as police, on the Canadian frontier, returned to their homes in the third week of June, 1866, 39,000 men of the Fenian army, and 100,000 more had started for the front, when Andrew Johnson's hand struck down their hopes.

Talk of the Greek enthusiasm of today—peddlers selling their stands to procure money to take them over the ocean to fight for the Fatherland! The Irish-Americans of 1866—particularly the veterans—sacrificed their property by the thousand in order to go and fight for Ireland. Many of them were practically ruined for life, but the disappointment of their high expectations was more bitter to those proud spirits than the loss of fortune. O'Neill had in line of battle at Ridgeway, on Saturday, June 2, 1866—according to the most reliable estimates of eye witnesses and participants—about 600 men. Of these eleven were killed, including one officer, Lieut. William Lonergan, of Buffalo, N. Y., and about fifty wounded, including Lieut.-Col. Bailey, also of Buffalo, who, however, received his severest injury in the Fort Erie fight. The Canadian loss, in killed and wounded, was over a hundred, including three officers. Ireland has no cause to blush for O'Neill's brave six hundred.

IRISH SOCIAL FLUNKEYISM IN NEW YORK.

A lot of British and other flunkeys met in New York city on the night of April 28 "to honor Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India," as one daily paper hath it. Delmonico's was the theatre of celebration and the hosts were "Sons of St. George." The New York Mail and Express says that the Englishmen made a louder uproar at the toast to the Queen (of England) than that to the President. Of course. What else were they expected to do? But these same Englishmen did not forget to speak about "the two great Anglo-Saxon nations" and to predict "the alliance and union of the governments." Many such speeches were made and divers songs were sung—all in glorification of the little fat old crone that John Bull delights to worship. Nearly all the speakers were Britishers of some sort, except one Morgan J. O'Brien, who is one of the judges of the New York bench, and if he made the remarks attributed to him by the Mail and Express report, he certainly must have been in a state bordering on dementia. With characteristic "Anglo-Saxon" courtesy his British hosts placed him last on the list of speakers. Here is what Morgan Jeremiah O'Brien, speaking for the Sons of St. Patrick, is alleged to have said:

"Ireland has always been an integral portion of the British empire, and in the greatness thereof it has taken its part. We refer you to Wellington and to Nelson, for achievements of arms, and to Burke and Fox and Sheridan in the field of British eloquence, and we have assisted in the development of British literature. And so there has never been any quarrel between England and Ireland. There has been only a question about policies. Fitzgerald, Fox, Emmet and Parnell, all Protestants, struggled for civil and religious liberty, and it was their desire to become a portion of the British empire on equal terms with the colonies. It would be to the greatest advantage to England to grant to the Irish what they have so long struggled for, viz., self-government; and, indeed, I think, that the great body of Englishmen the world over, is in favor of granting that request."

Morgan Jeremiah is awfully "off" on history. Ireland only became "an integral portion of the British empire" on January 1, 1801, when her parliament, besotted by British gold, destroyed itself and its country with it. Before that date, Ireland, although cursed by class legislation, was, to all intents and purposes, a distinct and sovereign nation, allied to, but not absorbed by, the British crown. The Britons present must have smiled audibly, as indeed they were justified in doing, when M. Jeremiah alluded to Nelson as an Irishman. We have always been taught to believe that Horatio Nelson was born at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, England, but, of course, a judge of the New York bench cannot be wrong in his statements. Perhaps M. Jeremiah, when he visited Dublin, saw the Nelson monument on O'Connell street, and, very naturally, concluded that "Ratio" must have been a native of the Irish capital. Poor M. Jeremiah!

"And so there has never been any quarrel between England and Ireland!" Well, well, well! What have the rest of us been dreaming about all these years? We always thought, hitherto, that Art McMurrough, King of Leinster, baffled and routed Richard II., of England, in the great campaigns of 1395 and 1399. We imagined, too, that Shane O'Neill, the Fitzgeralds of Kildare and Desmond, Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell, fought Elizabeth for thirty years, until Ireland was reduced to "carcasses and ashes." We likewise had an idea that Ireland fought the English Puritans, under Preston, Ormond, MacMahon, Clanrickarde, Castlehaven and Owen Roe O'Neill, from 1641 to 1650, and that "the curse of Cromwell" came upon Ireland in the massacres of Drogheda and Wexford, and the enforced exodus from the other provinces to Connaught, with the gentle alternative of going to hell instead.

M. Jeremiah has also forgotten, perhaps, the three years war, from 1688 to 1691, when Ireland gloriously resisted England, backed by most of Europe, in defense of her religious and civil rights. She failed in the end, but "buried the synagogue with honor." (See McGee's History of Ireland). There was also the great rebellion of 1798, which all Irishmen worthy the name are going to celebrate universally next year, on Irish soil and throughout the world. Has M. Jeremiah O'Brien forgotten that episode of Irish history also?

And so Charles James Fox was an Irishman also! We thank M. Jeremiah for this information, because hitherto we put him down as an Englishman. Who authorized this degenerate O'Brien to say that Lord Edward, Emmet and Parnell "desired to become a portion (*sic*) of the British empire?" He has no commission from God or man to libel the illustrious dead. Indeed, if the reported speech of Judge O'Brien is correct in substance, we soon expect to hear that he is the inmate of a mental sanitarium. His cheap chaff about his alleged sympathy with Irish self-government, is too disgusting for comment. He knows, thoroughly, that "the great body of Englishmen the world over" are *not* in favor of Home Rule. If they were, there is nothing to prevent them granting it to Ireland. O'Brien deliberately fibbed when he made a statement that bore its own contradiction with it. He only gave the British another chance to chuckle at transparent "Irish" hypocrisy; for, being past masters in the vice themselves, the English can easily detect a journeyman apprentice in the art.

No Irishman of the self-respecting type would accept an invitation to attend a banquet where the Queen of England's health is bound to be the premier toast. The acceptance of such an invitation is a degradation in itself. Unfortunately, there are men with Irish names, and the hearts of spaniels, in New York, here and elsewhere who bring discredit and contempt on the race by their crouching, whining, snuffling toadying to its most relentless enemies. Such creatures are not men but curs.

CLARK AND HOTZ "FIRED."

Mayor Harrison settled the civil service imbroglio in a summary manner on Monday by sending letters of dismissal to Commissioners John M. Clark and Christopher Hotz, and appointing in their stead Adolf Kraus, president, and Hempstead Washburne. These latter, with Dudley S. Winston, recently appointed, vice Robert A. Waller, now constitute the Civil Service Board. The Mayor, in his letters of dismissal, charged Messrs. Clark and Hotz with "incompetency" and "neglect of duty." THE CITIZEN has held from the first that Mayor Harrison's attitude in regard to his power to appoint important heads of departments and sub-departments is right and ought to be sustained. In fact, the municipal business of Chicago was run without a hitch before this British and Cleveland fad of civil service—well enough for a monarchy but foreign to the genius of a republic—was ever thought of. It creates a privileged class, and is, in many respects, a humbug from start to finish.

WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF '98?

June, 1798, was, certainly, "the month of battles," particularly in the county Wexford, Ireland. It would seem almost incredible, were not the facts so well authenticated from both the Irish and the British standpoint, that a crowd of untrained and wretchedly armed Irish peasants, who had never been tried in battle, or under military discipline of any kind, could have maintained so bloody a struggle, so long and so gallantly, against the martial might of the British empire. Well, indeed, may the Irish heart glow with pride when the name of "'98" is mentioned; for, assuredly, no more heroic struggle against cruel odds, was ever maintained by a suffering people fighting a ruthless oppressor. Nor was all the valor confined to Wexford. Wicklow, Kildare, Carlow, Down, Antrim and Mayo also bravely bore a part in that uprising, which, had it been general, as it was intrepid, would infallibly have succeeded in wresting Ireland from England's grasp. Why was it not general? Why did not the other counties rise also? are questions frequently, and not unnaturally, asked. We answer, first, because the arrest of the Central United Irish Directory at Bond's house, in Dublin, on March 12, 1798, demoralized the general plan of the insurrection. Second, because the French failed to land in force, according to promise. Third, because Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commander-in-chief of the United Irish army, was arrested on May 19 of that fatal year, and the papers belonging to him, found at his residence, revealed an important portion of his designs to the enemy. Fourth, because the Wexford men, after thrice winning the battle of New Ross, on June 5, allowed themselves to be beaten in detail by their routed enemies when they scattered for rest and undue refreshment. Had New Ross been held, Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick and Tipperary would surely have risen, and nothing could then have defeated the revolution. Fifth, because the death of Father Michael Murphy at Arklow, on June 9, deprived the United

Irish forces of one of their ablest and bravest chiefs, and the fight was allowed to slacken until the frightened English troops were heavily reinforced. Had the Irish forced the road by Arklow, as they proved themselves abundantly able to do but for the fall of "Father Michael," Dublin would have been taken, and the independence of Ireland proclaimed from the Castle.

These were the true causes of the failure of the glorious rebellion of 1798; but, although victory did not finally perch on the "rebel" flag, the courage of the peasant army shed enduring glory on the Irish name. Had it had generals and munitions of war in sufficient quantity, Ireland would be today an honored and prosperous nation among the nations.

Following is a summary of the events in Wexford and a portion of Wicklow during the months of May and June, 1798:

May 26—Burning of the Chapel of Boolavogue and of the house of the parish priest, Father John Murphy, by militia and yeomanry.

May 27—Insurrection begins among Father Murphy's parishioners.

May 27—Battle of Oulart Hill, Father John Murphy commanding. Enemy routed and almost annihilated, only five men escaping from the field.

May 28—Battle won at Enniscorthy, Father John Murphy commanding.

May 30—Battle won at Three Rocks Mountain, Thomas Cloney commanding insurgents.

May 30—Wexford surrendered to insurgents, Bagenal Harvey elected general-in-chief.

May 30—Main camp formed at Windmill Hill, near Wexford, and Captain Keogh made commander of the town of Wexford.

June 1—Battle of Newtownbarry; the town won and lost the same day. Capt. Doyle and Fathers Moses Kearns and Nicholas Redmond commanding insurgents.

June 1—Insurgents led by Father Michael Murphy defeated at Ballycarow.

June 2—Capture by the insurgents of Lord Kingsborough, Capt. O'Hea and Capt. Burke on a fishing boat.

June 4—Tubberneering. British, under Gen. Walpole, defeated and routed and all their cannon captured. Insurgents pursue them to the town of Gorey, which they fail to occupy. Father Philip Roche commanding.

June 5—Battle of Ross. Three different attacks, each successful, made by insurgents. The first, tumultuous, and untimely, in defiance of Bagenal Harvey's orders, caused by resentment of the murder by the British garrison of Harvey's aide-de-camp, Capt. Furlong, while bearing a flag of truce. After each successful rush into the town furious fighting, great bloodshed, momentary triumph and then disorder, plundering and drunkenness, enabling the enemy to return and recapture everything, slaughtering those who had made themselves helpless by drink. The fourth attack of the English completed their victory, after thirteen hours' fighting of the most desperate character, in which both sides displayed prodigies of valor. Gen. Johnson commanded the English. Harvey showed utter incompetence as a commander.

June 8—Father Philip Roche elected generalissimo.

June 9—Battle of Arklow, county Wicklow. Several hours of hard fighting resulting in a drawn battle, the insurgents running short of ammunition and obliged to withdraw. Retreat in good order, the enemy not venturing to leave their strong position in pursuit. In the battle Father Michael Murphy was killed by a cannon ball. After the battle the enemy held an orgie over his body, which they savagely mutilated, taking out his heart, and roasting it to grease their shoes with.

June 12—Unsuccessful raid by Wexfordmen to Borris, county Carlow.

June 12—Raid to Tinahely. Insurgents capture cattle.

June 19—Insurgents' camp at Lacken surprised by the enemy in superior force during a fog. Cloney saves them from destruction by good management, and leads them to the camp at Three Rocks Mountain.

June 20—Battle of Fook's Mill. Insurgents outnumbered and defeated after four hours of good fighting.

June 21—Second battle of Enniscorthy. British reinforcement entering the county from all sides, outnumber and defeat the insurgents, who can procure but little ammunition.

June 21—Wexford town surrenders to Lord Kingsborough, till then a prisoner in the town, under terms of safety to the citizens, which he agrees to and signs.

June 22—Battle of Vinegar Hill. The insurgents have but 2,000 men with firearms. Ten or twelve thousand more have pikes. They are surrounded by regular troops, militia and yeomen, 20,000 strong, well armed and supplied. The insurgent leaders are Father Philip Roche in chief command, Fathers Clinch, John Murphy and Moses Kearns, Gen. Edward Fitzgerald, Esmonde Ryan, Anthony Perry, William Barker, John Hay and Garret Byrne. After a brave resistance during several hours the insurgents find Vinegar Hill no longer tenable, and as Gen. Needham's division has not yet arrived to take the part assigned to him by Gen. Lake, the British commander-in-chief, the insurgents retreat through "Needham's Gap," the space at the foot of the hill which that general's troops were to have occupied. The enemy's cavalry began to press the pursuit, and great havoc was feared by the leaders, but the timely appearance of Gen. Edward Roche's command, set free to join the main body by the surrender of Wexford to Lord Kingsborough before the arrival of any British troops before the town, enables the insurgents to stop the action of the British cavalry.

June 23—Battle of Geresbridge, county Kilkenny. Father John Murphy, with a division of the Wexford army, won a victory.

The principal fights in Carlow and Kilkenny were at Leighlin and Castlecomer; in Kildare at Prosperous and Rathangan; in Antrim and Down at Antrim town, Saintfield and Ballinahinch. There were hundreds of minor events in all the revolted counties of which no notice was taken. One of the bravest battles of the war was that at Ballyellis, county Wicklow, where the United Irish troops, under Gen. Joseph Holt, completely wiped out the infamous Welsh dragoon regiment, known as the Ancient Britons. These fiends were chiefly obnoxious to the patriots because of their outrages on innocent womanhood. No mercy was shown them, and they were piked to the last man.

In the '98 campaign the Irish won seven pitched battles, namely Oulart Hill, Enniscorthy, Three Rocks, Wexford town, Tubberneering, Goresbridge and Ballyellis. The drawn battles were New Ross, Arklow, Newtownbarry and Foulke's (or Fook's) Mill. The English fairly won only four pitched battles, in which the Irish showed splendid heroism, Vinegar Hill, Antrim, Ballinahinch and the second Enniscorthy.

The "rising" in Mayo did not occur until the following August, when Humbert's small French expedition landed at Kilalla. The French and Irish routed the British troops at Castlebar and elsewhere, but, at last, Lord Cornwallis brought against them an army of 30,000 veterans, and, after a glorious resistance, the Franco-Irish army was compelled to surrender at Ballinamuck on Sept. 8, 1798. Nearly all the Irish soldiers who became prisoners of war, including Capt. Teeling, Humbert's brave aide-de-camp, were subsequently basely murdered by the treacherous British. But "not unavenged they died."

Who fears to speak of '98?
Who blushes at the name?

MRS. P. J. O'KEEFE entertained at a luncheon Thursday in honor of Mrs. Allen Eddy, who was recently married in New York. The table decorations were American beauties and and La France roses. Among those present were Mrs. Sidney P. Brown, Mrs. Bradner, Mrs. Gahan and Miss Leckie.

A DINNER was given Saturday evening at the Palmer House to C. J. Corey prior to his departure for Washington, where he will become identified with the new administration. Among those invited were: Gen. John McNulta, Charles MacDonald, A. H. Revell, Charles A. Stevens, E. B. Crossley, Charles L. Rising, Alonzo Wygant, A. A. Dewey, Jules Girardin, Robert Ansley, Charles A. Russ, J. N. Hobbs, George L. Lavery, J. P. Byrne, J. H. Sullivan, E. E. Ferguson and G. A. Garrett.

THE following officials of the defunct Globe Savings Bank have been indicted by the grand jury: Charles W. Spalding, president; A. D. Avrill, first vice-president; Charles E. Churchill, cashier; W. Berry Ervin, first assistant cashier; Dr. A. W. Harlan, director.

THE beautiful new Catholic church of St. Vincent de Paul, was dedicated in this city last Sunday with imposing ceremonies. Among the distinguished prelates in attendance were Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, Most Rev. Archbishop Hennessy and the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding. Solemn pontifical high mass was offered up by Archbishop Hennessy, with the Rev. P. J. Muldoon as deacon; Rev. F. J. Perry as sub-deacon, Rev. Fathers Riordan and Henneberry, deacons of honor. The dedicatory services were conducted by Archbishop Feehan, assisted by the Rev. Thos. P. Hodnett, Rev. H. O'Gara McShane and the Rev. Father Fitzsimmons. The dedicatory sermon was eloquently preached by Archbishop Feehan. Bishop Spalding preached at the evening services.

THE doubly interesting event of the 64th anniversary of the dedication of old St. Mary's Catholic church—the first established in Chicago,—and the silver jubilee of the new St. Mary's, occurred in the latter edifice last Sunday morning, and brought together an extraordinarily large congregation. Solemn high mass was offered up, the pastor, Rev. E. A. Murphy, officiating as celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Fathers P. C. Conway and C. H. Gavin, D. D. The sermon was preached by the ever eloquent and impressive Father Lambert, S. J.

JAS. O'CONNELL, attorney, for twelve years in the Chicago Opera House Building, has moved into the Journal Building, No. 162 Washington street.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Tomorrow (Sunday) the season of the above association opens at the grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street, with two great contests at football and tug-of-war between the Gaels and the Scots. Although the rules of the Scotch association are to govern the games, the Gaels are placing a team on the field that may well be expected to contest every inch. The grounds have undergone vast improvements since last season; a track has been laid round the entire enclosure and a railing has been erected, which will be a barrier to spectators and prevent them from interfering with the contestants. The following will probably represent the Gaels on the football team: Kearney, Roche, Myles, Butler, O'Connell, Favier, Naughton, Durkin, Fitzgerald, Hall, Hanley and Dillon. On the tug-of-war team will be Wolf, McGovern, Kerr, Sexton, Dillon and Nash. The coming season promises to be most successful, and the games of a very interesting character. The organizing committee intends to reduce the number of local clubs and have more international and inter-state contests than in former years. P. D. F.

Not Exactly Right is the way thousands of people feel. It is because their blood is poor. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, will promptly set them right.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists.

THE HERMIT'S ANSWER.

BY HENRY ED. NORTHOMB.

You ask why I have pious grown,
Why now I seek the hermit's cell,
Why live I here, uncared, unknown,
So far from where my kinsmen dwell.
If you would know an old man's grief,
And of his life's great errors hear,
List but a moment, sad and brief,
The story of my past career.

Full well do I recall the day
Some sixty years or more now past,
When I, a stripling proud and gay,
Of hurried partings said my last,
And brushing off the burning tear
With eager step I hurried on—
How strange those scenes should reappear
When dimly faded, past and gone.

Through all those years I yet can see
My father's careworn, saddened face,
And feel once more the agony
That filled a mother's last embrace.
The sight of home and weeping friends
Comes up before me clear and plain,
I know full well all sorrow ends,
But leaves a memory of pain.

With aimless steps and careless ways
The seed-fields of my youth were sown,
And now in life's ripe autumn days
I reap the harvest that was grown.
I thought not then, nor little knew
That future days would surely bring
A full, rich harvest to the few
Who planted well in early Spring.

A worldly life for years I led
Amid the city's rush and din;
It was not long ere youth had fled
And cruel, wintry age set in.
What bliss it must be to the one
Who, when life's summer time is o'er,
Can peaceful rest, his labor's done,
And dream of worldly cares no more!

But mine was not the peace of mind
That brings with age its needed rest,
No friends I found my wounds to bind
Or cheer a lonely heart distressed.
Resolved at length to find relief,
And through the world no more to roam,
An old man, worn with care and grief,
I turned my weary steps toward home.

I reached the place, alas! too late,
And strangers met me at the door,
The cruel hand of heartless fate
Had robbed me of love's promised store.
I walked among the graves alone,
Where slept the loved ones dear to me,
My broken heart could make no moan,
No glimpse of hope my eyes could see.

Why should I for the past repine?—
I fought the battle and I lost,
The world's chief pleasures had been mine,
But purchased at what bitter cost!
With heavy heart I drained the cup,
Then to the forest's shelter went,
Within its shade to offer up
Atonement for a life misspent.

I know the world would scorn my ways
Of living here in thought alone,
But I have walked in other days
Its thoroughfares with thistles sown,
And I have felt its joys and pain,
As sin's wide downward path I trod,—
To tread again those paths were vain,
So leave me with myself and God.

PARIS YOUNG IRELAND SOCIETY.

The Paris branch of the Young Ireland society held its fourteenth meeting on April 16, at the offices of the forthcoming Irish paper, Irlande Libre, 6 Rue des Martyrs. Letters were read from Mr. Mitchel and Mr. Casey, who were unable to be present. A message was also received from Count d'Alton-O'Shee. Among those present were Mrs. Lynch, who was in the chair, Madame Rowley, Mr. Stephen MacKenna, Miss Powell, Mr. John Lynch, Miss M. Barry Delany and Mr. O'Donoghue, the author of "The Life of Carleton," "Dictionary of Irish Poets," and other works. Mr. Stephen MacKenna announced that a second band of Irish volunteers had started for Greece under the leadership of Mr. T. Santry. The expedition was organized by the London Young Ireland society. The news was received with applause, and a vote of congratulation to the brave volunteers, proposed by Mrs. Lynch and seconded by Miss M. Barry Delany, was carried unanimously. Much satisfaction was expressed at the interest taken by the King of Greece in the patriotic articles on the Cretan question which have appeared in the Irish Weekly Independent, and regarding which his majesty sent a letter of thanks to the editor. It was announced that the authorities at Versailles, who assisted at the St. Patrick's Day demonstration at the statue of Hoche, had asked Miss Maud Gonne to lecture there on her return to Paris. Madame Rowley gave a valuable addition to the library and also a portrait of Hoche. A letter was read from the Count de Cremont, secretary of the Societe St. Patrice, thanking the Paris Young Ireland society for the vote of condolence passed on the death of Monsieur d'Abbadie, late president of the Societe St. Patrice. The meeting then adjourned.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for May.

America has its castles as well as European countries, and those on the Hudson River have as interesting a story in a way as the famous buildings on the Rhine. John P. Ritter tells this story in a liberally illustrated article entitled "Some American Castles," in the May number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. The "Fair Maids of Morocco" are pictured and described by Frederick A. Ober in the same number. Another important article is "Japan's Three Invasions of Corea," by Telichi Yamagata, a relative of the great Japanese marquis. It is accompanied by many excellent pen-and-ink drawings of views in Japan and Corea. The attractive series of papers on "American Universities and Colleges" is continued with an article on the University of Minnesota, by John Cochrane Sweet. A well-known Theosophist, Marian F. Gitt, tells in an interesting way "What Theosophy Means." There are articles on "Constantinople's Streets," "The Mythical Manoa," "Cabs and Cabmen," "Two Arabian Weddings," etc., and a number of short stories, including one by the new and promising writer, John J. A. Becket. A new serial story, entitled "The Catspaw," by Frederick R. Burton, begins in this number, and its opening chapters give indications of a stirring and powerful novel. The always entertaining young folks' department and the bright paragraphs of the Leslie Portfolio are continued.—Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Tairngire.

Peadar Ua Doirnin ro chan.

Tairngire dearsnoightbe ro rinneadh le Criómhthan mac Fheidhlimidh an fhiona Mhic Chéir, mhic Chonaill, mhic Néill, mhic Eachach mhuighmheadhoin, etc.

Go d-tiocfadh sin leun do-fhulaing ar Ghaodhal,
Nidh ná'r bh'iongnadh;
'S gur mheasa 'ga bhfaobadh fear aca féin
Ioná 'n iomad d'á mbiodhbha.

Budh ghéarr 'na dhiaigh go dtáinic mór threun
Sluagh Lochlann 'gar ndiobbadh;
Feadh cheithre mbliadhan deug faoi an anfhlaith Turgésius
Orrainn do h-iocadh.

An dara trom-leun do thuit ar na Gaodhail
Tré mhíordn a ngaolta;
Murchadh ó Laighnibh a dhúisigh go h-Eirinn
Briotanaigh maola.

An treas tubaiste d'éirigh dhúinne farsoir: iodhon,
Harri 's a ingbean féin,
Le'r h-imreadh go cíaon a g-cluithche ar a chéile,
'S ar maitheas ár d-tire.

An ceathramhadh trom-leun a thainic 'na dhiaigh,
Sluagh Chromuil lé'r h-iocadh
Ulaidh, agus Laighin, a's Connachta go léir,
Agus maitheas na Mumhneach.

An cdigeadh maoimh-eucht a thainic orrainn 's ar Shéamas
Dona budh righ dhúinn:
Lé'r gearradh gach geug do mhair de shliocht Ghaodhail-ghlais
Againn 'san tir seo.

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

Mrs. Alice Philbin's Estate.

An inventory of the estate of Alice Philbin was filed and approved by Judge Kohlsaat Monday. Mrs. Philbin was the daughter of Thomas Mackin. She left an estate of $430,000, of which $300,000 is in real estate. This property came to Mrs. Philbin from her father. The real estate includes 265, 267, 269, 271 and 273 Indiana street, 221, 223, 225, 227 Kinzie street, the Revere House at North Clark and Michigan streets, 22 North State street, 11 West Taylor street, and a 100-acre farm in Arcade township, Wyoming, N. Y. The personal property includes a leasehold interest in the property at 138, 140, 142 and 144 State street, valued at $25,000; notes $65,000, and personal effects, including the furniture of the Revere House, $6,188.

Elocutionary Contest.

The annual elocutionary contest of the students of the De La Salle Institute took place on Monday. Twenty-one candidates for Delsartean honors were presented in the course of an excellently rendered programme of musical and literary numbers. The judges of merit were Rev. J. Scannel, Rev. J. Callahan and Rev. J. A. McGarick. The boys were picked from the several divisions comprising the Delsarte elocutionary course given at the institute, the choice being made on the results attained in the preliminary contest held two weeks ago. The medal winners were Masters Albert Kelly, John Kelly, Ed. Kerwin and William McDermott. Rev. J. Scannel, chairman of the committee on decision, announced the successful competitors and complimented the speakers on the splendid showing made by them in the several essentials of dramatic expression. The awards will be made at the closing exercises June 25.

Div. 28, A. O. H.

Div. 28 will make their first turn out to holy communion tomorrow (Sunday) to Our Lady of Sorrows church, Jackson boulevard and Albany avenue, at 7 o'clock mass. They will meet at De Sota hall, No. 1292 Van Buren street, at 6:30 a. m., and earnestly invite the members of West Side divisions to accompany them. The mass will be offered up for the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Leave your business occasionally and try a new climate and new surroundings. No better medicine. The principal health and pleasure resorts of the Southwest are reached via the Santa Fe Route. Low rates, quick time, comfortable service. For specific information inquire of local agent, or address W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka, Kas.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

MRS. BERTHA LEHRMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhœa, and the worst forms of womb troubles.

"Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Steamship Tickets and Drafts.

4 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

GRAHAM & SONS,
BANKERS,
134 West Madison Street.
Safety Deposit Boxes $3.00 per year.
OPEN EVENINGS.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

PUBLICATION NOTICE—STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of Cook, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Frank T. Kinnare, public administrator of Cook county, Illinois, administrator of the estate of John Conlan, deceased, vs. Anne Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Anne Conlon, deceased, Michael Conlon, Bridget Conlon, Thomas Conlon, Nannie Conlon, Bryan Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Bryan Conlon, deceased, Sarah Conlon, Patrick Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Patrick Conlon, deceased, Mrs. —— Conlon, the wife or widow of Patrick Conlon, Eliza Brown, the unknown heirs and devisees of Eliza Brown, deceased, Mr. —— Brown, the husband or widower of Eliza Brown, Alfred E. Barr, trustee, Samuel Kerr, successor in trust, John Schwerer, the State of Illinois, the County of Cook (in the State of Illinois), Maurice T. Moloney, Attorney-General for the State of Illinois, Jacob J. Kern, State's Attorney for Cook county, Illinois, Minnie Weil, Thomas Napoleon Harris, William McCutchen, Herman Emmert, Hans Heinsen, Lorenz Hansen, Patrick H. Dowdle, the unknown heirs of John Conlan, deceased, and unknown owners.

(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts).

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order made and entered in the above entitled cause on the second day of April, 1897, on the petition of said administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said deceased to pay the debts of said estate, the undersigned will on Tuesday, the 18th day of May, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board in the City of Chicago, situated at number 50 Dearborn street, in said City of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder all the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot number ten (10) in Bassett's Subdivision of the south east quarter of block sixteen in the Canal Trustees' subdivision of section thirty-three (33) in township thirty-nine (39) north, range fourteen (14) east of the third principal Meridian in Cook county, Illinois, disencumbered of all mortgages, judgments and other liens of whatsoever kind or nature, said sale will be upon the following terms: Six Thousand Dollars in cash and the balance payable in twelve months with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum. Said balance of the purchase money will be secured by a note with good personal security and further secured by a mortgage on said above described real property. The undersigned will deliver no deed or deeds of said premises until the report of said sale of said premises is confirmed by said Probate Court.

Chicago, April 13 1897.

FRANK T. KINNARE,
Public Administrator, Administrator as aforesaid.
Francis T. Colby, Solicitor for Administrator.

DR. A. F. CONROY,
DENTIST,
McVicker's Theatre Building,
ROOM 20

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.30
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
TEAS AND COFFEES.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
GROCERS,
20 & 22 STATE ST.

Families supplied with Choice Groceries at Wholesale Prices. Goods Delivered to all parts of the city.
TELEPHONE 2658.

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
CIGARS.
Sole Agents for
CRENNAN'S
LA CARINA
CIGARS.
AND GREEN FLAG CIGARS.
142 MICHIGAN AVE.,
CHICAGO.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1897. E. S. Rooks as Receiver of Illinois Paper Company vs. George M. Hill, R. R. McCabe, Eugene A. Weeks, Albert R. Barnes, E. A. Lawson, The Weeks Publishing Company and the E. A. Weeks & Company. In Chancery No. 181,018.

Notice is hereby given to the said E. A. Lawson that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of April A. D. 1897 as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.
Matthew P. Brady, Complainant's solicitor.

HOW TO WRITE A BURLESQUE.

If you want to write a musical burlesque,
The recipes you never must ignore.
You needn't be amusing or grotesque.
Per contra, you should never fail to bore.
You needn't care a jot for the nature of the plot—
Coherency may run the booking dry—
But you certainly will fail if your idiotic tale
Doesn't introduce a nigger lullaby.

You must make a naughty reference now and then
To the funny little things they do in France,
And, if failing to express it with your pen,
You can illustrate your meaning with a dance,
While no matter what your story, you must mouth about the glory
Of the soldier or the sailor far away.
Like a strippling of a Kipling or like Tommy when he's tippling,
You are bound to write a patriotic lay.

Then you introduce a broker or a Jew,
A soldier must be pitted with a snob,
And the idiotic heroine must woo
In a song that is supposed to make you sob.
If you start act one at home, in the second you must roam
To the continent, to India or Japan.
And of late the dolly ditty is considered rather pretty,
For it's well to be domestic—when you can.

You needn't be particular with rhymes.
"Mamma" and "far" are jingled by the throng,
While "love" and "move"—how many, many times!—
Are coupled in the sentimental song.
A lavish lot of frocks (that display the wearer's clocks)
Must never, never possibly be missed.
While your prospects will be bright if the risky opening night
Sees your "comedy" most vigorously hissed.
—J. M. Barrie in Sketch.

A HEROIC ACT.

One fine evening in December I pulled off in the coaling company's smart gig to the 3,000 ton tramp steamer Corona, then rolling on the long Atlantic swell just outside the breakwater of Las Palmas harbor, Grand Canary. As the white gig flashed through the clear green water there was ample opportunity to look at the vessel, and her appearance was by no means pleasing. With her full bows, square quarters, huge upright funnel and rusty sides, she was not an attractive object as, loaded down to the last inch with nitrate from South America, she wallowed in the long sea slopes that swept round the end of the breakwater. Climbing over the low rail and forcing my way through a pandemonium of swarthy Spanish coal heavers, dealers in fruit and tobacco and venders of canaries, the latter alternately coaxing and abusing their feathered merchandise in the vain hope of making them sing, I met Captain Cranton.

"Sho's not exactly a floating palace, but with fine weather will take you home all right, and you can see what a deep tramp is like at sea," said the latter.

Just then a dilapidated looking Englishman, clad in greasy dungaree, with a battered engineer's silk cap on his head, the on one side a gesticulating Spaniard was trying to force a bunch of hard bananas and a half dead canary on a grinning fireman and, touching his grimy forehead, asked:

"Are you Captain Cranton, sir?"

"Yes," said the officer. "What is it you want?"

"I want to see if there's any chance of working a passage home. I'm a boiler maker and have served as fourth engineer. I'm starving here," was the answer.

"H'm! What are you doing in Las Palmas then—deserted, I suppose?" said the captain.

"No, sir. It was this way. I shipped at Liverpool aboard of the Coquimbo to load coal at Cardiff for Rio, and the night afore she sailed I met Tom Stevenson, who served his time at Dunlop's."

"Never mind Stevenson—go on," interjected the skipper.

"Well, we went to have a partin glass or two—not too much, sir; about a bottle of whisky atween two of us—an when they turned us out at 11 Tom, he sits in the gutter, and sez he, 'I won't go home till morning.' I sez, 'Don't be a fool, Tom,' and a p'leeceman comes, so I goes off and makes down to the coal tips. It didn't seem quite the right tip, but I sees a big four masted boat with a yellow funnel, and sez I, 'That's the Coquimbo—I knows the ugly look of her.' So I crawled aboard and goes to sleep in the fo'c'sle. When I awakened up, she were rolling heavy far out at sea, and when I got on deck I says to myself, 'It's another sanguinary African boat.' So it was, and they made me scrape paint, and when we got here the skipper he sez, 'Clear out and be thankful you ain't locked up by the consul,' and I landed without a cent."

The captain hesitated and looked at the man once or twice, while the latter spat calmly on the deck. At last he said half to himself: "The chief wants another hand with that broken down engine of his," then, raising his voice: "All right, I'll take you if the chief engineer approves. Go and see him. Mind, I'm not going to sign you on and pay more than you're worth for stamps, but if you behave I'll give you a trifle to go ashore with."

While I leaned over the rail, smoking and watching the foam crawl past—crawl is the proper word—the chief officer came along, and in reply to my query said:

"What kind of a boat is she? Well, you can see—about as hard an old tramp as was ever launched into the German ocean. Besides, we've been knocking about for months, and there's shells and grass on her a foot long. The engineer says his mill is all to bits too." Subsequent experience proved that this description was by no means exaggerated.

Turning out early nearly next morning, I climbed to the poop—for the Corona was of the usual well deck build—and could see nothing but an azure circle above and a sweep of sparkling, foam flecked sea below, piled into ridges by the fresh trade breeze, across which the steamer slowly rolled.

One glance at the water, without looking at the log dial, was sufficient to show that she was only going six knots. So, climbing down the narrow, steel runged ladder, I made my way forward over the slippery iron deck, dodging the spouts of water which gushed in through the scuppers at every roll, to look for the chief engineer. Passing the engine room door, the thumping and clanging that floated up were quite enough to tell of worn out journals and general out of tinedness to one who could interpret it. I found the chief in his room, rubbing his hands with the inevitable ball of waste, and said:

"What kind of mill have you got?"

"Weel," he said—for most marine engineers are Clydesdale men—"there's may be waur jobs afloat, but I havena seen yin. Man, do ye no hear her clack-clackin and wheeze-wheezin? There's a third o' the tubes in the port boiler plugged and a leakin, forby the firemen canna keep steam wi' they dirt o' coals."

Now, a Clydesdale man is rarely satisfied with his engine and would burn gold if he could get it, so I did not think too much of this outburst, but had only to understand that the engine was not what he would have called an "A1 mill."

Soon afterward the already strong breeze began to freshen up, and when the sun sank, a glowing orb of copper beneath a ragged edged bank of dark clouds, leaving a brassy yellow glare glowing across threatening sky and angry water, it was evident we were in for bad weather.

The seas were rapidly growing steeper and breaking more sharply, while the heavy steamer flung herself about as if she would shake the masts out of her, with water and spray already flying in all directions.

For some hours I hung about under the lee of the "dodgers," or canvas screens, chatting with the mate and trying to evade the stinging spindrift which lashed our faces like a whip from time to time. At last, as the poop disappeared to the top of the haud wheel in a rush of water, the mate, shaking the water from his sou'wester, said:

"If she jumps any more, the chief will be slowing her down. He's an awful old heathen over that broken down engine of his, and the second says he sits and talks to it in bad weather. Anyway, the sooner we get this hooker home the better."

Sleep that night was difficult, for every now and then, as the steamer lifted her stem clear of the sea, the whole poop shook to the heavy vibration of the whirring propeller, until, knowing what ship it was and bad rivets are, I sincerely wished myself out of it.

In the morning I found the water pouring in over either rail, while all around was a wild, drifting, crested sea. Some of the cargo had shifted, and the ship lay down to it and wallowed, as only a tramp can, shoving her bows up to foremast into the big ridges that rolled upon her. The chief said:

"Man, the auld mill's turning half speed, but we'r baun back sterrun first tae Las Palmas."

Then misfortunes began to arise. Something got adrift on the forecastle head and clanged about. It may have been an unshackled chain or anchor lashing. Three men, watching their time and clinging to the rail when a heavy sea came on board, crawled forward. I was watching them from the bridge, and I saw an unusually large wave rising ahead—a wall of glittering green water, curling over into foam at the summit. The captain waved his hand to the men and they grasped the rails. Next moment the bows disappeared deep in the sea, and when the steamer slowly lifted a streaming forecastle out of the ocean only one remained, clinging, half drowned, to the rails, while as the vessel rolled heavily down and the sea poured out I saw his companion clutch at the bulwarks, miss them and disappear beyond all hope of rescue in a smother of foam.

The other poor fellow lay washing about the deck beneath with broken ribs, and as three or four seamen crept forward to go to his aid Mack came up with a long face to say that more of the tubes in the port boiler had burst and that the water was pouring out under the grates from a leak in the back end. He said:

"I hae scaulded baith hands an feet trying tae pit in the patent stoppers, but there's that much steam an hot water flyin round it canna be done."

There was a brief consultation, and it was decided to draw the fires in one boiler while the firemen did their best to raise enough steam from the remaining one to keep the ship'head to sea.

"Mind, Mack, if she falls off in this sea it's all up. Be quick," said the captain, to which the chief answered briefly:

"I hae been in a hot furnace afore, an I can gang again. There'll be no time lost." So the rest of the day and all night we lay to, every man at his post, while with ventilators torn up, hatch covers ripped off and water gurgling about deep in the holds the Corona swung to the heavy Atlantic sea in imminent peril.

Next morning a steady clang and clatter floated up through the stokehold gratings, and a fireman, wiping the sweat from his sooty face, came up to say that the chief wanted me below to see how repairs were done at sea. The chief engineer, looking gaunter and grimmer than ever, was swathing himself in sacks opposite the front of the port boiler, which, although the fires had been drawn, was still almost at blue heat. His third was trying to persuade him not to enter the flue himself, but the chief shook him off.

An acrid smell of charring wood floated out of the three feet flues, and then, while we held our breath, the chief slowly crawled down the hot furnace and disappeared into the dark boiler, while a fireman followed him along the wing flue.

For some minutes there was a clattering of hammers, and then a nerve trying silence. We listened with hearts in our mouths, but only heard the hammering of the runaway engines and the vibrating of the plates as a heavy sea struck the ship. Then a smothered cry came from the flue, "For God's sake get me out!" and, leaning forward, two firemen dragged the engineer forth, blackened and burned, after which he promptly collapsed into a dead faint, while a fireman went into the other flue at the risk of his life, and, making fast a rope, his comrade was hauled out.

Presently the chief gasped and sat up, holding out a hand on which the flesh was peeling from the bones in rags. "I can do nae mair," he said. "It's a boilermaker's job. An we canna drive the ither boiler at that rate any longer. It's no safe the noo. She'll fall off in the trough of the sea when the engine slows—an roll over. Lord have mercy on us!"

Just then a dilapidated greaser came in from the engine room, and I recognized the man who was working his passage. "You should have sent for me before," he said. "Give me the tools."

"What dae ye ken aboot calking?" asked the chief roughly.

"I was the best boilermaker in Hartlepool before I took to drink," was the quiet reply.

"Give him the tools. It's neck or nothing the noo," said the chief.

The stranger carefully wrapped his hands in the sacks and then, with a hammer slung round his neck, crawled into the black mouth of the flue, pushing a flat engine lamp before him.

The red glare of the boiler lamps fell on anxious faces, dripping with sweat and smeared with soot, all turned toward the yawning mouth of the flue, and as I watched I could plainly feel a tiny artery pulsing as if it would burst beneath my ear. Then the tap of the hammer ceased, there was a clatter, as of something dropping in the combustion chamber and with a low hiss, as of water on hot metal, the dim light went out.

"He's dropped his lamp. Get in, some of you, and bring him out," said the third engineer. And while four firemen struggled to be first to undertake the dangerous work the chief staggered across the stokehole, and, turning a wheel, the sharp clang of the brass rams pumping up the half empty boiler rang out across the silence.

The seconds dragged slowly past in anxious suspense, while only a rustling sound and a sour smell of charring wood and smoldering cloth drifted out of the black furnace. Then there was a shuffling along the plank, and the fireman fell out a limp heap amid the coal below.

"I'm done; take hold!" he gasped. And his comrades seized a shriveled, blackened hand that lay upon the deal plank, ringed round with a smoldering sleeve. A moment later they hauled out a ghastly object with charred clothing, singed hair and blackened face and laid it, with the features distorted in a sightless spasm of pain, carefully upon the floorplates.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone. Get those fires started," said the third engineer, kneeling down and lifting the unconscious form in his arms.

Presently the relighted fires roared and crackled, and while the half hours crept slowly by and the finger of the steam gauge steadily mounted the scale the third engineer, surrounded by such firemen whose duties were over, knelt on the coal, bathing the blistered face and hands with the healing oil and trying to force a few drops of spirits between the clenched teeth. At last, just before the change of the morning watch, the burned and blackened lids fell back and the eyes opened.

A faint smile crept over the scorched face, softening away the stamp of pain, and the voice of the dying man sounded hollow and strange as he spoke in low gasps. "I've earned my passage—anyway—the leak's stopped. Mine's been a hard—hard life—it's finished now—goodby." Then the weary eyes closed forever on this world.

There is little more to be told. With steam from both boilers the Corona was able to keep head to sea until the gale broke and a faint, watery sunlight streamed down between lines of whirling clouds and shone across the foaming ridges below.

At eight bells the engines stopped for a few minutes, and as the solemn words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," sounded clearly above the gurgle and swish of the water along the plates of the plunging ship, the stern grating was tipped up, and there was a heavy splash in the sea.

Then a silence fell over the bareheaded crew, and they turned softly away, a hazy idea in each man's heart—for Jack is not much given to sentiment and can rarely express himself clearly—that whatever the boilermaker's past life may have been he had at least made a good end, and possibly also a vague pride in another proof—although he has proved it over and over again—that even the "drunken sailorman" can occasionally die in a manner of which his countrymen have no cause to be ashamed.

Though he could never put it into words, poor Jack has got the feeling in him which a poet has expressed:

But once in a while we can finish in style—
For the ends of the earth to view.
—Temple Bar.

Gave Her a Good Chance.

She—The thing that surprises me is that I didn't discover how hopeless a fool you were before we were married.

He—Well, you have only yourself to blame for it. I asked you in plain English to be my wife.—Cleveland Leader.

A Desperate Deed.

"Why on earth should so bright and coming a girl as Mame have married that long haired poet?"

"It was the only way she could stop him from reading his poems to her."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pneumatic boxing gloves are an improvement over the old style, as they can be made hard or soft by forcing air into their backs through a valve in the wrist.

HOMING PIGEONS.

PROGRESS MADE IN BREEDING AND TRAINING THESE BIRDS.

The Great Service They Rendered During the Siege of Paris—The Prices Paid For Them In England Range From $5 to $300.

Carrier pigeons must not be confused with homing pigeons. The former is a fancy pigeon, especially prized for the largeness of its eye and wattles, but quite useless as a messenger. Both are cousins of the dragon, but the fancier, in the case of the carrier, has bred purely for points, color, shape, etc., while the homing pigeon fancier cares nothing for these things. With him it has been "handsome is as handsome does," and stamina with inte has been his aim.

The homing instinct goes back to the fountain head of all the varieties, the blue rock itself. The bird, in fact, has been made and is the product purely of that game of extermination known as "the survival of the fittest." The one thing which gave the fillip to the sport was undoubtedly the siege of Paris. The French fought and lost one great battle after another till they were driven within the iron walls of Paris. Then it was that the city, entirely surrounded by the allied forces, found herself cut off from all communication with the outer world. A few patriotic fanciers offered their birds to the government, and so was organized the pigeon post, by which means the government was kept alive to the doings of the besiegers, and the besieged could receive communications from their friends outside. The modus operandi was this: A balloon left Paris, taking with it a pannier of pigeons, and, once clear of the Prussian outposts, the balloonist made his way for some recognized center.

The messages to be sent to Paris were then, by means of photography, reduced so that a page of The Times could appear on a small piece of paper or film two inches by an inch or so. In this way a single pigeon was the bearer of upward of 300 messages, the aggregate cost of which to the senders was considerably over £100. The first three pigeons carried in this way over 1,000 dispatches. Upward of 115,000 official and private messages were brought into Paris by the pigeons, and the records of the pigeon and balloon service of the siege of Paris certainly read more like a romance of the Jules Verne type than simple historical facts. The services rendered during the memorable siege set all the world a-wondering, with the result that nearly all the governments of Europe (our own being the great exception) at once established military lofts, which have been extended on every hand and are being perfected.

While the governments thus recognized the value of the homing pigeon for military purposes a few stalwart fanciers in this country discovered a new medium of sport, with the result that J. W. Logan, M. P., and other recognized "fathers of the fancy" imported the best birds that Belgium had to offer, and it is from these birds and those imported since that the racing pigeon in this country has been produced. I have little hesitation in saying that upward of £20,000 per annum has been spent during the last 25 years in purchasing the best birds, and that at prices from, say, 20 shillings for a squeaker up to £60 for a proved racer or stud bird. The first public long distance races in this country seem to have been organized about 1870, and from that day to the present the homing pigeon has been gradually clearing its character of being a public house plaything, fit only for mile to three mile sweeps, until now towns innumerable and villages throughout the country have their flying clubs, with a programme of races starting generally at about 70 and extending in many instances up to 500 miles. Wherever, too, the Britisher has gone, there also has he taken his terrier and homing pigeon, and we now hear of the bird as a recognized institution in America, India, South Africa and Australia. So rapidly has the sport extended in the last few years that it would seem the next 50 may see the racing of homing pigeons recognized as the world's great sport.

The great ambition of the northern fancier is to fly 500 miles in the day. This, up to the present, has not been accomplished, although birds have been home well before breakfast the morning after liberation, having flown upward of 550 miles. The performance can, however, readily be done on a favorable day, and many fanciers in and about London accomplished the route from Thurso, N. B., the winning bird flying 501 miles, with an average velocity of 1,454 yards per minute for the entire distance. These 500 mile performances in the day are quite common in Belgium, and the distance has also been covered in America.

You may search the whole annals of athletic performances or feats of strength, and, as far as it is possible to contrast two distinct things, the homing pigeon will go one better than the best of them. Take this as an everyday example: Birds are liberated at, say, Ventnor, to fly 200 miles into the north of England, and the wind is blowing at the rate of upward of a mile a minute dead against them, and yet dozens of the birds will be in their lofts under 400 minutes. The day may be cold, and a sleet storm or two may have to be encountered, but the result will be the same. If the day is such that the birds cannot see their way, but have to feel it, and the wind bloweth from the quarter that is neither good for man nor beast, then comes "the winter of our discontent;" we shall find the winning bird's velocity reduced to about 700 yards per minute and have a bare 5 per cent of the liberated birds home the same day. These are the races to be won, and these are "the good 'uns to breed from" and to perpetuate the wonderful pluck and stamina of the homing pigeon.—Badminton Magazine.

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FEEDING IN AQUARIUMS.

Some Curious Methods Employed For the Greater Comfort of the Fishes.

All fishes, including even the dullest and commonest, are likely to be shy when first brought into captivity, as in aquariums, and they are very apt at first to refuse food. Sometimes fish refuse persistently week after week, taking none at all and growing thinner and thinner and weaker, until finally they die. Usually, however, the fishes, with proper care, come to feed, though many of them may need to be pampered and nursed along at first. Finally many of the fishes, as they become accustomed to captivity, get very tame, so that they will take food from the hand. Some of the fishes that will do this are fishes that might not be thought of as feeding in this manner. The codfish, for instance, will come to the surface after it has become used to captivity and take a strip of fish held down to it in the fingers, at the same time gulping in with it noisily a great mouthful of air and water.

While there is at first necessary for their welfare not only the greatest care, but such food only as they have been accustomed to in nature or as they like best, it is in most cases possible later to switch the fishes off to other things, with occasional return to their natural food. Some fishes, however, will eat only live food, and this must always be provided for them. Not infrequently the food, whatever it may be, must be fed in some special way to meet the requirements of individual fishes, and some of the methods employed are curious and interesting.

Fishes in captivity have fewer opportunities, oftener they have none whatever, of lying in ambush for their prey, and they have far less room for sweep and action in pursuit. Killies placed in a pool or tank as food for larger fishes evade pursuit if they can and seek the edges of the water, by the walls or the surface, whither they are less likely to be followed. Killies will live for days out of water in properly dampened moss or seaweed. When first put back into the water, they are sluggish in movement, but they soon recover their natural activity.

In feeding live killies it is not unusual to keep them out of water for a time, so that they may be more easily captured by the fishes they are to be fed to, which might otherwise be unable to capture them at all, or which might get them only at the risk of doing injury to themselves by running into the walls of the tank. Sometimes among the fishes brought to an aquarium there may be one that has lost an eye. Such a fish is particularly liable to injury in pursuit by running into walls on its blind side, and to such fishes there are always fed slow killies, and they are put into the water on the side on which the fish can see.

There is at the aquarium a hawksbill turtle from the Yowl islands, off the coast of New Guinea. The hawksbill eats clams cut up into pieces that it can handle. It likes killies, but it could not begin to catch a live killie in the quarters which it occupies, and at first it was difficult for it to pick up dead ones. So the killies were fed to it on the point of a stick. It is doubtful whether fishes suffer pain from any injury, but it would have seemed like cruelty to impale a live killie, and so the killies were killed by the very simple but effective method of throwing them upon the floor. The greater weight of the fish is toward the head. That end naturally reaches the floor first. The fish is most sensitive at the nose. The shock killed the killie, and the freshly killed food was then conveyed to the hawksbill's mouth by aid of the pointed stick, which was withdrawn when the turtle had set its beak in the food. Now the hawksbill has become more accustomed to its quarters, and it eats well and is able to pick up the killed killies out of the water.

Sometimes fish are cut into strips, which, floating down through the water, may be mistaken for live fish. Sometimes such strips are carried down into a tank upon the tip of a rod and moved about in the water to attract slow feeding fish by their semblance to live small fish. There are many fishes that can swallow a fish as big or nearly as big as themselves. The sculpin and the sea raven are such fishes. They have very large heads and proportionately large mouths. When they are feeling well, they will, like many other fishes, rise to the top to get the food as soon as it is dropped into the water. If one sees a sea raven or a sculpin rising straight up through the water in this manner, with its big mouth wide open, he can begin to understand how it could swallow a fish as big as itself, for it seems as if one could see inside of it clear to its tail.

There are some fishes that have a particular fancy for worms. For these, if there is not a supply at hand, fresh beef is cut into strips resembling worms.—New York Sun.

The Antiquity of Man.

Our geologists rarely use the term "quaternary." By European writers it is understood to mean the period which followed the tertiary and includes the present time. Archæologically it is divided into two epochs, the older including the preglacial, the glacial and the postglacial ages, all characterized by a chipped stone industry, the latter beginning with the neolithic culture and continuing till now.

Professor Gabriel de Mortillet, in Le Revue Mensuelle of the Paris School of Anthropology, succinctly explains these divisions and sets forth with his usual clearness the typical products and the fauna which characterize them. He has found no reason materially to modify the opinions he advanced in his earlier works and still maintains that a careful study of the geological data bearing on the question of the antiquity of man does not allow us to assign it a more recent date than 230,000 years ago.—Science.

Charged the Subject.

The men who utilize the corner grocery for a clubroom in the evening and on stormy days had just been discussing a fox hunt about which one of their number had read aloud, when the conversation naturally took a reminiscent turn.

"Nothing cuter or more cunning in the world than a fox," said Goggs by way of introduction. "I remember one night when I was a boy that we heard a great fuss among the dogs that were chained up. It took us about half an hour to get dressed and armed to sally forth for the purpose of investigating. Not discovering anything, we loosened the dogs, and they darted off on a trail, yelping as they went. We didn't know whether it was man or varmint, but after a long run the dogs brought up at the hen house and tried to tear it down. Well, sir, an old fox had deliberately showed himself to the dogs so as to excite them, made that run while were were getting ready for trouble, and, circling around, was robbing the roost while the dogs were off the premises."

"I waked up one moonlight night," volunteered the man on the wood box, "and seen a fox under an apple tree where a fat pullet was roosting. I knew the thief couldn't climb, so I just stood at the window laughing. The fox barked to wake the chicken and then began circling around the tree, slow at first, but going faster and faster. Of course the terrified pullet followed him with her eyes and got so dizzy that she fell out of the tree."

"I see somethin like that once," said the lank individual on a paint keg, "only that the chicken I was watchin wrung its own neck 'cause the fox was goin so durned fast."

Then, by common consent, the crowd took up the subject of floods.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wily Photographer.

There is a photographer on the North Side who not only furnishes waists and wigs for his sitters, but ideas as well. A woman went to his studio the other day with a thin, scrawny baby and wanted it photographed.

"A dozen cabinet pictures, in your best style," she said.

The photographer looked at the baby and shook his head.

"Wait until he gets well. He's too puny now."

"But I want to send them home to the old country, and I must have them at once. My friends there are expecting them."

"Have they ever seen the child?" asked the photographer.

"Never. That's why I want to send them before he's too old."

"Are they ever likely to see him?" continued the man.

"No, they aint. But I don't see what that has got to do with his sitting for his picture."

"I've got a scheme," said the artist, as he regarded the child with a critical eye. "Here's a dozen cabinets of a beautiful, plump baby, just what yours will be later on, and if you are willing you can have them at the same price and nobody will ever know the difference. They will be a credit to me as well as to you."

The mother was delighted, for as the photographer urged, "one baby is a good deal like another," and a picture of ideal beauty was substituted—as it had often been before—for the plain original, and it is by no means likely that the distant friends will ever know any difference.—Chicago Tribune.

Pride's Penalty.

Quite recently into a railway carriage at Oldham stepped a young man, fresh from school evidently and wearing his first watch.

The very many proud glances which he cast on the gold chain raised a smile on the faces of his fellow passengers.

Apparently by accident, though mischief might have been at the bottom of it, the subject of watches was "brought on the carpet."

"Ah," sighed an old farmer, giving the watch back to the young man, who had handed it round for the inspection of the company, "that theer watch 'minds me o' my own son."

"How's that?" asked several passengers.

"Why, I gave 'im a watch when 'e wur 15 year owd, an it wur the ruin o' 'im."

Being asked for an explanation, the farmer continued:

"Afore I gave it 'im 'e wur the straightest built lad for miles around, but 'e 'adn't 'ad that watch above four months afore 'e growd 'umpbacked wi' lookin at the chain so much."—London Tit-Bits.

TECHNIC PERFECT.

HOW A MAN GOT TWENTY YEARS FOR A PERFECT FORGERY.

Reed Completely Fooled the Man Whose Name He Wrote, but Was Too Previous In His Dates—A Signature Involving an Amputated Arm.

Ivan Ivanoff, one of the most skillful of Russian forgers, when sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment in the mines of Siberia nonchalantly remarked:

"I am the victim of poor technic. I know my business better than most men, but I am human, and to err is human. Had my forgery been perfect I could not have been convicted. I am the victim of poor technic and a careless stroke of the pen."

Strange as it may seem, an event has taken place recently in the United States which proves that Ivan Ivanoff was mistaken in his theory and that the absolute perfection of a forgery may prove the cause of a conviction. The story which contains the proof of this assertion is not a long one and is as follows:

About 20 years ago a young man named Richard Robinson, who lived in the city of New York, bought 160 acres of land near Kansas City. The land was worth only $3 or $4 an acre at that time, and Robinson, getting into trouble, deeded the land to his lawyer in payment of his fee. The lawyer gave no attention to the property, and it was sold for taxes, and his title was good against all claimants except infant heirs. When the land became valuable, owing to the growth of Kansas City, an unscrupulous real estate dealer of St. Louis induced a young woman of that city to impersonate a daughter of Robinson and to bring suit to recover the property. The girl was proved to be an impostor and the suit was decided against her.

The case attracted wide attention, and the fact that the title to the land seemed somewhat in doubt caused a disbarred lawyer named Reed, once a resident of Chicago, to look into the matter carefully and finally to conceive a plan to obtain possession of the land through forgery. When everything had been prepared, Reed brought suit of ejectment against the man who had possession of the property, claiming that he had a deed to it from Robinson dated prior to the one given by Robinson to his lawyer, thus invalidating not only that title, but all subsequent titles which had been given.

The only way to break this claim was to prove that the deed alleged to be signed by Robinson was a forgery. After a long search Robinson was discovered by the attorney for the defense, living in an obscure town in Texas. He had passed through many wild experiences on the frontier and in a personal encounter had received a pistol ball in his right arm, which made amputation necessary. Subsequently he had served as county clerk in Missouri, and his signature was thus readily accessible to the forger. Robinson was brought to Kansas City by the defense, and his testimony was relied on to prove that the signature attached to the deed was a forgery.

When the case came to trial and the deed had been offered in evidence, Robinson was placed on the stand. He examined the signature with the greatest care, and to the astonishment and chagrin of the defense he testified that the writing was his, not a line or dot in the signature differing in the slightest degree from his usage. It seemed as though the wily Mr. Reed had gained his case, when the attorney for the defense, taking up the deed, glanced at it a moment, then, dropping it upon the table, he suddenly asked:

"Mr. Robinson, when did you lose your right arm?"

"About 15 years ago," was the reply.

"Is your signature to this deed written with your right or left hand?"

"With my left hand."

"Did you ever employ your left hand in writing before you lost your right arm?"

"Never."

"That is all," said the attorney. "Call Mr. Reed to the stand."

The plaintiff took the stand, and the attorney handed him the deed. "You swear that this deed was made to you by Mr. Robinson?"

"I do, and he has identified his signature," replied Reed triumphantly.

"On what date was that paper given?"

"It is dated April 10, 1876."

"That was six years before he lost his right arm, and yet this deed is signed with his left hand. How do you account for that?"

The witness was silent. He turned pale and then attempted to escape from the courtroom. He was arrested and held on a charge of forgery. His technic had been perfect—so perfect, indeed, as to deceive the man whose signature he had forged—but he had made the mistake of imitating the left handed writing of Robinson and had dated the deed six years prior to his loss of the right arm.

Of course the suit was decided in favor of the defendant, and at present Reed is serving a 20 year sentence in the penitentiary for forgery, his fate paralleling that of Ivan Ivanoff, not through lack of "technic," but rather because of his perfection in that matter. —Chicago Times-Herald.

A Sportsman's Gun Rack.

Sportsmen have their trophies mounted in all sorts of fashions. One way of using a deer's feet is to have them mounted for a gun rack. The back is of oak or some other fine wood, in which the deer's feet are secured, projecting horizontally for the gun to rest upon and with the hoofs turned up, so that the gun cannot slip off. Sometimes such gun racks are made with a simple pair of feet for one gun; sometimes to hold two guns, and the deer's horns are mounted above, as a support for fishing rods.—New York Sun.

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Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4361 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9236 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

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Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

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Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4236 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Piney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thursdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 5455 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Michaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

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Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
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Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

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Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland ave., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
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Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First and Third Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

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Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

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Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

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Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

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Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western ave.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyas, Kensington.
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Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

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Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

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Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

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Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

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Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 396 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

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"I had a beautiful dream last night."

"What was it?" his father asked.

"I thought I was out in the woods, and I saw a most gorgeously dressed lady coming toward me."

"That is a good deal like some of the stories that you have been reading."

"Yes; it doesn't get very different until the end. I knew by her looks that she was the fairy queen, and I made up my mind that I wasn't going to lose chances like some of the boys in story books who didn't know a good chance when they saw it."

"Did she offer you three wishes?"

"Yes, and I called to mind how she sometimes took advantage of a mortal's being excited and nervous when he wished in order to make him waste his opportunities and have a good laugh at him. So when she said, 'Little boy, I'll give you three wishes,' I didn't jump at the chance. I said, 'Will you give me whatever I ask for?' She answered: 'Yes; you may have three wishes.'"

"What did you do?"

"I wished for four."—Washington Star.

A Modern Instance.

Monsieur—If I were rich, would you love me?

Mademoiselle—I can't say as to that, but I would marry you.—Paris Caricature.

In Harbor Springs, Mich., there is a large and flourishing wood toothpick industry. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and about 7,500,000 are turned out daily.

The marriage rate in Great Britain, which has been steadily declining in recent years, is again on the increase.